

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE HOUSE BY THE HOWFF.

By W. L. WATSON.

### CHAPTER I.

THE night of the 26th of September, 1746, was fair and pleasant. A moon, one quarter waned, shone with fitful brightness through slow-moving clouds. If James Grier, as he strode along on the post-road between Perth and Dundee an hour past midnight, had been a fanciful man there was much in the prospect about him to arouse his interest, for under the alternations of broad light and uncertain gloom the long flat stretch of the Carse o' Gowrie, which he was traversing, was filled with romantic ghostliness. Far away on his left the ominous bulk of Dunsinane and King's Seat loomed at intervals vaster than their reality, and then fell away into cloudy shadow; while down to his right an occasional gleam seemed to show where the full Tay was running silently to the sea. But Grier was a firm-footed, clear-minded man, with little knack of imagination. Armed only with a stout staff he held steadily onward, seeing nothing by night but what he could explain by day. There was something martial in his deliberate, measured tread, and at times he would carry his staff upright against his shoulder, as if it were a sword. The echo of his footsteps in the solitude, which is apt to play upon a nervous man, troubled him not at all; and

when a watch-dog rushed barking from a farmhouse by the wayside, he neither swerved nor hastened, but only lowered his staff to strike if need were. He carried a hundred pounds in English gold about him, being the amount of deposit demanded on the purchase of a small farm on which he had set his heart. But he was late. Others better prepared had already lodged their proposals, whereas it was only on the previous evening and by great efforts that he had been able to get the money together, and it was his purpose now to reach Dundee by early dawn in the hope that even at the eleventh hour he might obtain preference for his offer from the lawyer charged with the business.

He held sturdily on, relieving the monotony at intervals by some sips from a flask and a mouthful of oatmeal cake. After three hours' walking he judged himself to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the village of Longforgan. The sky had been getting more clouded, the moon fainter, and the night air colder. The hour by his watch was half-past three. For some time James Grier had been whistling under his breath the tune of a marching-song, accented strongly by the steady beat of his footsteps, when of a sudden he broke out aloud into the fag end of the refrain :—

En revenant de la guerre, ma chère,  
En revenant de la guerre.

Stepping out with fresh energy under the comforting sound, he began the next strain, *Tu as de moi, en souvenir*, when from the shadow of a large oak by the roadside a man stepped out, and greeted him with "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night to you," answered Grier, showing no disposition to stop. The man effectually, but without ostentation, put himself in the way. "I remark," he said, "by your song that you have served in France." A passing gleam showed Grier that he held in his left hand a silver snuff-box, while the thumb and forefinger of his right were closed on a pinch of the powder, with which he dallied gracefully.

"You are right, sir; I have served in France; but at present I am in haste."

"The business must be important that takes you abroad at this hour of the night."

"My business is my own. As for the hour, that is everybody's."

"It is a pretty answer," was the calm rejoinder, uttered with much politeness. By this time Grier had been able to observe that the stranger had the air and dress of a gentleman. The latter was neither wholly civil nor military. It smacked of both conditions; but there was no mistaking the import of the sword that hung by his side, and Grier knew by the particular fashion of the side pockets of the coat that they were made for pistols. "A politic answer," the man continued; "but without insisting on my authority, I would beg you of your courtesy, sir, to tell me whence you have come."

"Without admission of authority, sir, and merely as courtesy, I answer, from Kinfauns."

"I thank you; and have you seen any person on the way?"

"As for instance?" asked Grier, less from curiosity than to break the feeling of being interrogated.

"A young gallant on a horse?"

"No; neither gallant nor horse."

"Ah, and your own business, I think you said, was—?"

"My own."

"True, I had forgot you said so before. And yet, sir, it will be necessary to make a slight advance upon that somewhat meagre reply. It grieves me to hint at force, but within easy call [he carried the snuff gracefully to his nose and waved his hand vaguely towards the roadside] I have sufficient to compel your arrest and an examination of your person. At the sound of this [taking from his sleeve a silver whistle and holding it daintily between his fingers like the pinch of snuff] you would find yourself——"

Before he could finish the threat, uttered with such polished deliberation, James Grier, dropping his staff, seized him with most sudden accuracy by the throat, held him so for some seconds with the force of a garrotte, and then threw him on the grass by the wayside, where the fall made but little noise. With the same practised adroitness Grier placed a knee on each of his extended arms, and pinned him thus, motionless and quiet. Using his free hand he took from the man's pocket a silk handkerchief and, in spite of a violent resistance, gradually forced it into his mouth. Next he undid his belt, and turning him face downwards bound his arms behind his back by the elbows. Finally, he placed him, thus gagged and pinioned, in a sitting posture by the wayside bank, and rising, said: "Yes, sir; I learned much in France; how to bind bandits for one thing. Be na greatly cast down at your mishanter. Worse might have befallen ye, but that I ken na well who ye be. But this will

serve ye for a lesson, not to stop honest men from their private affairs on the King's highway."

Remembering the allusion to a force in reserve, James Grier had in all this been as noiseless and swift as possible. He now continued his journey, and some two hundred yards or so further on was pleased with his precautions, for he became aware of the presence of three or four men who paced up and down in the shadow of the bordering hedge, cursing their luck and the chill air, while, to judge from the clamping of bits and the jingling of bridles, their horses were ready at hand. When Grier came opposite to the group the darkness for the moment was profound, and at the sound of his footsteps the men stopped in their perfunctory sentry-like walk. Grier began again to hum his marching-tune. Suddenly from one of the group came the peremptory challenge, "Who goes?"

"Friend," he answered without stopping; then with fine audacity he added, "I passed your captain further up."

"Have you seen anyone else?"

"Not a soul. Good-night."

They did not answer his salutation, but fell back by the hedge, resuming their imprecations on the fate that kept them there.

Reflecting on what had passed, as he pursued his way with quickened pace, Grier inclined to the belief that his rough-dealing with the captain (for at that rank he now rated him) had been a mistake. Sudden of temper, and trained by the wars to speak little and act quickly in case of quarrel or difference, he had, on being threatened, instinctively grappled with his man. But, from the disposition of the force on the road and the captain's questions, it was becoming plain to him that an ambush had been laid for some far higher game than he. Like

a vagrant hawk, he had torn asunder the mouth of the snare set perchance for a royal eagle. Well, the thing was done, and it was not in his temperament to care much. His chief concern was the safety of his hundred pounds, and next, that his road was open, for if the men discovered too soon the plight of their leader and followed him up, he would hear the horses long before they could reach or espy him, and hide till they passed. But he desired to avoid any such necessity, and therefore maintained his increased pace with unflinching steadiness. An hour passed thus without incident, and the east began to show a tint of the coming day. From the top of the next rise in the road he could descry the first outlying houses that marked the precincts of the town. If he chose, he could now descend a path to the river's bank where no horseman could follow; but after a moment's hesitation he decided to keep to the high road. So he drained his brandy-flask, brushed the heavy night-dew from his hair, and pressed on steadily until the West Port came in sight. At that moment, however, the wind blowing behind him from the west brought to his ear the ominous ring of a horse's hoof, and turning, he beheld a single rider advancing also to the town. Was he a pursuer, or was he the gallant for whom the captain's question showed he had been waiting? In either case he was alone; and Grier feared no single opponent, even at the odds of a horse. He therefore placidly kept on his way, but instead of entering the town by the West Port, turned sharply to the left along a by-path at the end of which was a detached hostelry. He was somewhat surprised to note by the clatter behind him that the horseman was following the same path, and slackening speed; by the time it came abreast of him the horse was at a

walk. He turned and encountered in the rider the face, so far as it was visible beneath the overdrawn hat, of a remarkably handsome youth, whose eyes were bent on him in close but not obtrusive scrutiny.

"A good-day to you, sir," said Grier.

"And I wish you the like," was the reply. The voice was low but full, and had a tune in it. The rider sat his horse gracefully, wearing a long blue cloak, which left nothing but his feet visible; there were no spurs on his boots, and Grier could see no sign of a weapon of any kind, but the cloak was so ample as to cover the saddle where pistol-holsters might be. The horse was a splendid animal, and although it had evidently gone fast and far still carried itself gaily.

Grier had no longer any doubt but this was the gallant for whom the ambush had been set. He would attempt certainty by a sudden remark, and so said, "Ye were watched for to-night."

The young horseman showed a trained discretion. "Watched for?" he repeated, as if in surprise.

"Yes, indeed. Saw ye not beyond Longforgan a man lying bound by the roadside, and some horsemen further on?"

"I know nothing of this or of Longforgan. You mistake who I am." The youth, saying this, reined-in at the stable door, and after a moment's hesitation dismounted. "I wish you good-morning," he said to Grier, to mark a parting.

"Nay, sir; I take my morning drink here also. Let us be frank. I take ye for the gallant on a horse for whom an ambush was lying out on the high road, and but for me ye wad now be in their hands. But, young sir, I am pleased to bear the wyte of what will happen rather than you. I have done my youth's adventure; you

have yet the gait to gang; may it be far. Come, drink wi' me."

"Pardon my refusal; I am in haste." He struck thrice with his closed hand on the shutter of a side-window. In a minute or two a sleepy ostler appeared, who, without sign or word, led the horse into the stable. The youth gathered his long mantle about him and made as if to depart.

"You are ungrateful, sir," said Grier.

"Nay," was the answer, given with fire, yet deprecatingly; "no man shall say that of me. If I owe you for a service done, tell me of it."

"This night," said Grier, walking with long strides to keep up with the young man's rapid gait, "I have come from Kinfauns to see whether to-day I may get the lease of a farm from the lawyer-agent here in Dundee. That is my business, fair and honest. My stable is limited, so I came on shank's naig. Beyond Longforgan I was stopped and questioned by a gentleman seemingly in authority. Me at first he wanted nocht with, but inquired after a gallant on a horse. Then he grew curious of me, and used threats of search. Fearing for the hundred pounds I carry with me,"—he slapped his breast—"I seized him quickly, gagged and bound him wi' little fyke or noise, for I am an old soldier. But for that,—excuse me, sir; I take a pride in't; 'twas a well-done job—but for that you would have been stopped. When you passed, doubtless the men beyond did not yet know of their leader's case, and so ye came through skaithless."

"Sir," said the young gallant, "I admit the service, and am grateful."

"Now that is frank and free. As for the service, say no more; 'twas done for myself, and but left-handedly for you."

"But not less effectually. I dare not give you my name; it is not in



my discretion to do so; but what may yours be?"

"Grier—James Grier, sergeant of late in the King of France's service."

"And where will you be found?"

"At Lowrie's in the Thorter Row."

"I will remember. But be wary about your identity; I fear me you have bound a King's officer."

"King?" said Grier half fiercely—"which King?"

The young man started and looked at him fixedly, with some excitement in his face. Grier noticed how fresh and youthful it looked. No razor had ever been laid to that smooth skin, and his figure, though tall and shapely, gave promise rather of skill and agility than force. At the question his hand appeared to move under his cloak towards his left side, and a slight click was heard as of a loosened sword.

"Stand easy, sir," said Grier; "it's a fair question: which King?"

"Is there more than one?"

"There is one by God's right; he's oversea. There's another by man's might; he's in London. To which do you uncover?"

"To both."

"Tuts, sir," said Grier impatiently, striking his iron-shod staff on the causeway, "ye are over wary for a youth. Ken ye not a friend when ye speak wi' him? For why should an ambush be out for you, gin ye be not on danger's errand?"

By this time they had come to the top of a wynd, or narrow street, that broke off to the right, following the line of the old town wall.

"Sir," said the cavalier, "my business takes me down to the Nether-gate. Although done in your own defence you have rendered to me, and to far greater than me, a service this night. My thanks again for it. If either you or I come under question of what has passed, I know nought of you nor you of me. My hand for troth."

Grier took the proffered hand and held it. "So it is, sir. And my further service to you if need be. But trow me further. Is it for the King?—ye ken who I mean."

The youth put his finger on his lips, and scanned the windows of the over-looking houses. "Hush," he said, "the stones hear now-a-days; the very causeway is Whig. Farewell, and Godspeed in your affairs."

"I wish you the like, sir; my troth on't. But first—

To him that's ower the main,  
May he soon be back again!

Drink it dry, sir."

They both reverently uncovered, and made as if they drained a glass. Grier held on straight down the Argyll-gate with the same resolute audacious step, his staff every now and again ringing clear in the quiet morning air as he struck the stones, pointing off the thoughts that were passing through his mind.

## CHAPTER II.

THE gallant, turning down the wynd, proceeded swiftly but with alert circumspection. There had been a slight strut in his walk while in Grier's company, but no more than was permissible to one so young and handsome; now it gave place to a step as light and free as that of a deer on the open hillside. Soon he came to the end of the wynd where it emerged on the Nether-gate, and, pausing, cast a searching glance to east and west of the broad street. There was no one astir. Crossing the roadway he made straight for the side gate of a large and handsome house standing in its own grounds. The gate yielded noiselessly to his hand, as also did the door of the house at the end of the garden path, and he passed into a low hall. Immediately a tall man leaped up as

if from a half doze, and doffed his hat low to the newcomer.

"You come to the very hour," he said; "is it success?"

For answer the young cavalier took from under his cloak a packet, sewn in grey canvas and sealed with wax, and handed it to the tall man.

"Good, good," was the response. "You're a braw gallant, indeed, and it is a pity you should never be known for one." He made another courtly bow to the youth, and gazed at him with a curious admixture of hesitancy and admiration. Then his look changed to sadness as he continued: "The times are against us; fate also is in the league. But tell my lord, your father, if the news has not already reached him, that the Prince is afloat, and if the wind serve and the seas be clear will shortly be in France. Others, alas, are also afloat; twenty true men yesterday sailed for London, battered down under hatches. Heaven have mercy on them in the law's clutch there! I go too on my errand. Say but that you will pray for me at times, —you; it will sweeten the time that I must spend far from Scotland."

"I will pray for you," said the youth, removing his hat.

"Nay, be covered. You have done a brave deed when it was wanted. "Here," he said touching the packet, "is our warrant for fortune when the good times come again. The Prince is not ungrateful, and this is our record of lands pawned and effects sold for his cause. But, come; we waste time." He concealed the packet in the lining of his cloak, and led the way along the passages of the house, and through an outer door that opened on a long garden stretching down to a bordering wall by the river-shore.

"Gang warily," he said, "and pardon my leading." They descended a path sheltered from view by the wall on one side and a thick-set privet-hedge

on the other. Reaching the bottom with careful footsteps, they entered an arbour in which were four men in the dress of foreign sailors, stretched in uneasy attitudes on two benches. On a little table were cards and dice, two empty bottles and some glasses.

"Rouse ye, Hans," said the tall man, roughly shaking a black-browed, curly-haired individual, who rose up sleepily at his summons. "'Tis time to be gone. Are you sober, and know what you are about?"

The seaman pointed with a contemptuous grin at the empty bottles; "Not enough to be drunk," he said.

"Plenty more aboard, Hans. Let us be off." Turning to the youth, while the other sailors bestirred themselves, he said with the previous reverential courtesy: "Farewell! Here is one will ne'er forget your gallantry. You are young, and will live in a new time. Be happy; kings come and go; we are all the sport of fortune, but there is pleasure in the game howe'er it goes. God's luck upon ye. Farewell!"

"Farewell, Sir Francis," answered the young man, and a look of pity came over his face, as he shook the proffered hand.

The five men passed noiselessly through the postern-door. On the foreshore lay a ship's boat, at the oars of which they arranged themselves, while the tall man took the tiller and pushed off. Retiring into the leafy shelter of the garden, the young gallant watched the boat rowed rapidly over the grey water to a schooner of Dutch build that lay about half a mile out in the fairway. The time seemed to him long as the boat gradually lessened with distance, but he scarce took his eyes from it for a moment. At last it reached the ship's side, and soon over the quiet Tay came the sound of the whistling blocks as the mainsail

was hoisted, and the clank of the capstan weighing anchor. Then he saw the vessel make way slowly. Other sails were spread, and soon before the favouring west wind, on an even keel, she grew smaller and smaller, and the screaming sea-mews were the only other moving things he could descrie over the broad estuary. With an exclamation of relief he turned up the garden-path and entered the house, where he was received by an elderly woman, who embraced him affectionately. "Will ye sleep?" she asked.

"No; I am too glad to sleep, and my father waits."

"But ye maun e'en wait here too for a time. Come and rest ye." She led the way into a bed-chamber, and as the youth sat down and looked at her a shame-faced flush spread over his face.

"It's not for you this work," said the dame. "Undo these unmannerly things." She loosed the cloak and coat. "Fie, fie," she cried, as the tight fastenings yielded with a snap over the full bosom; "ye'll play the man to your ain hurt yet, Christine."

"It had to be done, and done secretly; and there's not a man in Dundee but is marked."

"Then it should na have been done at a'," answered the old servant, as she proceeded with the removal of the male attire; "an' I think but little o' my lord your father to risk sic limbs as these in nicht exploits." From an oaken press she brought forth some feminine raiment, and making a bundle of the male garments, threw them with a contemptuous gesture into a corner.

The girl, who all the while had stood with a demure half smile, half blush, on her face while being stripped of her cavalier clothes, now said: "There goes all my manliness, Elspeth."

"Ay, an' mair than becomes ye or your father to permit. But sit doon," she added with tenderness, "sit doon, Lady Christine, an' I'll busk ye braw. Oft have I done the like for your lady-mother. Ah me, she's in the mools. What a dautit bairn ye were! Pray heaven, my lass, the dead see na what's passing on earth, else will your mither have a sair time."

At this appeal the young lady's eyes filled with tears, and old Elspeth, busying herself about her, loosed the great knot into which her hair had been tied and hid away in the high cavalier hat. As it fell down her shoulders the old nurse continued, but in a low, confidential whisper: "I saw Pitcairn yestreen." There was a pause, while Elspeth began to comb out the shining locks. "And he did nocht but spier an' speak o' ye." Another pause, and Elspeth could see the girl's bosom heave. "It was Christine this an' Christine that a' the time, an' I roosed ye finely." She stopped again, winding a long tress round her deft fingers. "An' he wished to ken if ye ever thoct o' him." She now appeared to become absorbed in her task, and showed no sign of resuming her talk. Lady Christine moved uneasily, and impatiently tapped her feet on the carpet, but Elspeth continued her task mutely.

"And what did you answer, Elspeth?"

"Answer? Who to?" said the nurse, with affected forgetfulness.

"Were you not speaking of Major Pitcairn?"

"Oh, Pitcairn! What said I but the truth?"

"The truth?"

"An' what for no?"

"But you do not know what I think."

"I ken what ye telled me." The girl jumped up with anger in her face.

"But I was na making so little o' ye as to say ye said it. Thinking's another thing."

"Oh, Elspeth, shame!"

"Nae shame, my bairn. The day I see you an' Pitcairn wedded an' safe oot o' this deil's war an' confusion, I'll dance wi' joy."

"But I am not going to marry Pitcairn."

"Faith, an' ye love a man an' no wed him, I'll gang to my grave an' greet wi' your mither in heaven."

The girl buried her face sobbing on the old woman's shoulder.

"Now, now, my lamb. My way's the right way, an' your father's the wrang. Dinna tie your heart up in men's coats again, for ye'll get a man's thochts. To-night is the first ball. Speak Pitcairn fair, my lass; he's a true lad though he be a Whig. I'm as Jacobite as a woman can be, for it's been the faith o' the family sin' I can mind. But love's a higher prince than Charlie, and hearts can overrule politics. Politics ye can stuff into a pouch among gowd, but ye'll no cram love into sae little bulk. Come now, eat something an' rest a wee, an' syne I'll walk wi' ye to your father's house by that dreary howff."

### CHAPTER III.

LOWRIE'S in the Thorter Row, which James Grier had named as the place he would be found at, was an old three-storied house with a high peaked front. An outside stair, built parallel with the front wall, led from the street to the first floor, ending in a broad stone slab which served as a landing-place to the principal door. This stone stage was upheld by two oaken posts, and the under part of the stairway being unenclosed, made a recess half the width of the footpath, and was the portal of the little shop on the street level where Lowrie re-

tailed snuff and tobacco. To the wall above the house door was affixed a board whereon was painted the word *Lodgings*.

Thomas Lowrie was a master-mariner retired from the sea, whose friendship Grier had won many years before at Bordeaux, where he had saved his life in a street brawl. He was sure of his welcome, therefore, but he had made such good way over the latter part of his night's journey, that he now found himself before Lowrie's house at a much earlier hour than he had contemplated. There was no sign of movement, and he hesitated how to proceed, for any knocking that would waken Lowrie would also disturb the whole street, and he had reasons for avoiding publicity. Lowrie, he knew, shifted his bedroom according to the exigencies of his lodgers, and to tap at a window by chance might result in rousing the wrong person.

As he stood in this perplexity, his eye caught a bundle of rough sacking in the corner under the stairs; it seemed to move, and presently there peered forth from beneath it the red shock-haired head of a boy. He stared at Grier with sleepy yet keen eyes, and, grasping a crutch, stood erect. One leg was doubled back at the knee, the opposite shoulder had a slight hump, his skin was yellow and unhealthy-looking. There was a kind of brutish idiocy in the shape of his head and brow, while the lower part of his face, particularly the mouth, showed something of gentleness and even refinement.

"This is Lowrie's," he said.

"I ken that fine, laddie," said Grier in a whisper, lifting up his finger warningly; "but where is Lowrie?"

"Sleepin'," was the curt reply.

"And a sensible man, too. Which room?"

The boy pointed to the top room of all to the left.

"Then I must e'en wait till Lowrie wakens, unless ye ken a way to get at him," said Grier.

The boy examined Grier all over twice with the most unabashed coolness. At last he said: "Gin ye'll stand on the stair-head an' lift me up I'll rap at his window wi' this," touching his crutch.

"Ye have a brain, laddie, though appearances are against it," Grier took him in his arms and climbed the stair. "Whisht now," he said, as he lifted him up and balanced him on his shoulders. Propping his lame leg against the wall the boy reached out his crutch and tapped gently three times on the window-pane, maintaining his position to see the effect. In a moment or two the sash was softly lifted and Lowrie peered out in evident astonishment. Grier set down the cripple, and looking up, repeated to Lowrie the previous *whisht*.

"What, you, Grier?" He came down and opened the door. "Come to bide?"

"For a wee."

"Nicht or day, rain or fair, man, but you are welcome. *Pase, Señor.*"

"Cut the lingo, Lowrie. Wha's this laddie; yours?"

"Na, faith."

"Does he blab?"

Lowrie's hands went instinctively to where his pockets should have been, but encountering only a night-shirt he said to Grier, "Give me twa bawbees." Grier handed him the coins. "Here Davie," he said to the boy impressively, "ye saw nobody this morning; ye never rapped at my window, an' ye've been sleepin' a' the time."

The boy nodded, his eyes glittering as he took the money, and he said in a strange cracked voice that seemed to come from his nose, "I never waukened till seven this mornin'." At that moment the town-bell struck five.

"That's so, Davie; stick to that and the bailies will never take ye."

Davie stole noiselessly down the steps and rolled himself up again in his sack beneath the stair, while the door closed on Grier, whom Lowrie led up to his bedroom. There from a cupboard he produced three curiously shaped bottles. "Take your pleasure, old friend; rum, brandy, Scots' malt, and the King has had no toll on any."

"Damn the King, and his minions," said Grier vehemently.

"Whisht, you fool," said Lowrie, "Leezie, the lass, sleeps through the wall. Her mother's cousin is married on a bailie, an' clavers in these times are good evidence. Drink while I dress, and tell me what brings you here; syne I'll get you something to eat."

Grier proceeded with great deliberation, and much dramatic emphasis, to relate the cause of his night's journey, and the mysterious occurrences which befell. At the incident of the man by the wayside Lowrie paused with his fingers on the buttons of his waistcoat, and when Grier further proceeded to tell of the young horseman, his meeting and parting with him, the old mariner's eyes glowed with astonishment, and he said: "There's a traitor somewhere."

"What ken ye o' the matter?" asked Grier.

"Only this, that they tried me with the venture and I refused. For what excuse have I to give for being on the road from Perth at night?"

"But what is the affair, and who was the youngster on the horse?"

"I ken nothing but that I was to bring a packet to be given me at Kinnoul, just outside Perth. Not liking the task I was told no more. But somebody kens that should na, else why was the messenger waited for? An' who was he? These are questions, Grier; but as for you,

you're finely in the mesh. Odsake, man, ye've assaulted and tied up a King's officer, and I'll pawn my head its Captain Arklay."

"What care I? Let his King untie him."

"But, man, you'll be sought for, an' you're here."

"Then," said Grier, "I'll go elsewhere."

Lowrie looked at him severely, and answered: "And I have a mind to let ye go for your little faith in me. If you take my words that way, go."

Grier resumed his seat in silence, and filled two glasses, one of which he handed to Lowrie: "Drink, man, and forget it. Here's to our old friendship."

"Sink or swim," responded Lowrie, while they clinked their glasses and emptied them. "Look ye, Grier; the times are fickle, an' the provost of the town has issued orders to the burghers to render an account of all newcomers abiding in their houses by twelve o'clock o' the day on which they arrive. Now you are not biding wi' me, strictly speakin'. You are here, an old friend, on a specific errand, to which the lawyer-man ye are going to see will testify. And so I will omit the return o' your name."

"But what have I done? I can bide the wyte o't. No man as yet has the privilege to stop and search passers on the highway like a footpad."

"You're a simple fiery man, James Grier; you have no wit for politics. In times like these the law and its powers are instruments for ensuring the conviction of all persons obnoxious to the King—the King that reigns. The other King——"

"God bless him," said Grier.

"Amen," responded Lowrie, fastening his neckcloth,—“would equally benefit if the power were his.”

"Ye get learned, Lowrie; ye speak like a counsellor."

"Aha, friend; I study policy, not law."

"And smuggle spirits."

"Yes, but I smuggle wisely, James, wisely; and pay my tobacco duties with most ostentatious punctuality. You are not wise, not with that kind o' wisdom. You have an awfu' tongue, James, a most outrageous, plain-speakin' tongue. Captain Arklay will search you out wi' a' the power o' law and force at his command, and it will go hard wi' ye, if taken, to escape the prison, and Heaven kens what more."

"And what does your high wisdom counsel?"

"That ye go about this business o' the farm at the earliest moment, and by midday at latest take the road for Kinfauns and hame again, where you had best lie quiet, an' never say king nor country in your cups."

A rustling at the door caught Lowrie's ear. He stepped forward and opened it abruptly. "It's me, Maister Lowrie," said a female voice; "I'm gaen doon to clear up the shop."

"What! wi' but a petticoat on? Ye're a curious lass, Leezie; mind the word—curious; an' ye may fa' into trouble over it, sae tak heed. Go and dress yoursel' decent like; it's early yet."

He shut the door and said to Grier, "I feared the kimmer wad be listenin'."

"Then why do you keep her?"

"I telled ye already, for policy. Her friend the bailie is a slippery man. When Charlie's pipes were skirled in the Market-gate for recruits, he opined, cautious man, that the fortune o' war might go one way, or might go anither. It's gone the ither; an' now ye may ken the bailie's true opinion. He's a deep man, an' a whittret for rebels, James, rebels." Lowrie pointed to himself and Grier. "I keep the lass to daur him. But I will get ye something to eat."

He went downstairs, and Grier's



reflections took a serious turn. He began to appreciate his friend's reasoning, and as his recent history and opinions would not bear strict Whig scrutiny, he was disposed to take his advice and despatch his business, returning home quietly thereafter.

Lowrie appeared with some cold beef and bread, and like true Scots they said nothing while their mouths were full. Grier at last remarked:—

"In case of question they would think I was a decoy set first over the road to clear the way."

"Precisely. They wadna stop at question; they wad assert it and prove it."

"Pah," said Grier, throwing down his knife and fork, "I'll no break my brains more about it. I'll go sleep till nine, when I can see this Auchenleck the lawyer. What's he, Whig or Tory?"

"He's a lawyer," answered Lowrie grimly.

Grier threw himself with an air of impatient discontent on the bed, and composed himself to sleep. Lowrie descended to the shop and began to arrange his stock, for it was market-day. By seven o'clock he had his shutters open, and shortly after various farmers entered to make their purchases of snuff and tobacco, for which Lowrie was famous.

By nine o'clock the Market-gate was busy with the county throng. Samples of the new crop were handed about and priced, and corn and politics jostled each other for pre-eminence.

Suddenly a clatter of horses was heard, and all eyes were turned to a military party of five who trotted into the wide market-place and reined up at the Townhouse. Their leader, who was no other than Captain Arklay whom Grier had so unceremoniously handled on the high road, dismounted and entered the building. He looked sour and out of temper, and though not

yet thirty, did not bear his years well. The crowd closed round the four troopers, and some bold individuals tried them with questions. In a little time the town-sergeant and several messengers came out, and dispersed themselves hastily in different directions. Evidently the magistrates were being summoned to a council. Wild rumours began to circulate, and the troopers in consideration of surreptitious refreshment, chiefly in the form of strong liquors, conveyed to the bystanders by hints and snatches the strange tale of the tying-up of Captain Arklay. If truth be told they showed a lively appreciation of the pretty trick played on their captain, and as they were not acquainted with the details, the story lost nothing of picturesqueness in their mouths.

Lowrie, attracted by the bustle as he stood at the door of his shop, despatched cripple Davie to bring him word of what was passing. The boy shortly returned with a highly coloured narrative, in which Lowrie at once recognised the gist of Grier's adventure. Calling Lizzie into the shop, he went upstairs and wakened his friend.

"Rouse ye, man; the troop is back and Captain Arklay is in the Townhouse. Your tale's in everybody's mouth, and your one fox has grown to ten. Make haste and do your business. There will be a requisition over the whole town for ye in the next hour. If ye care to bide the question, come back here; ye sall never say Lowrie deserted ye. If not, take the road for hame."

"Lowrie, ye mean well; but I will flee from no Captain Arklay. Why should I know him from a footpad?"

"James Grier, ye jump finely to my argument. That defence would go near to hang you, man. Not to know Captain Arklay from a bandit in these times is high treason."

"Lowrie, an I had not known ye in

the auld days I'd say ye had never been a man, but a stickit lawyer, ye've grown sae nice in points and reasons."

"It's a puir tod that has but one hole, James. Go and do your business; it will speak for your story. But as for packets and riders mind ye ken nought."

Grier went out into the street with head erect, fuming contemptuously, and turning the corner walked straight to where the crowd stood gathered in the Market-gate. There by judicious elbowing he made way close up to the troopers, and scanned them in a way to invite attention, particularly one in whom he thought he recognised the individual he had exchanged words with; but none of them seemed to notice him.

Presently the bailies began to arrive. He stood listening to the ever increasing details of the adventure, and heard himself described with quite unrecognisable minuteness. Then growing weary of the babble, he held on his way to Mr. Auchenleck's office. The lawyer had not yet arrived, but was expected shortly, and Grier sat down to wait. A quarter of an hour passed, and then he heard the town drum beat to proclamation. With a quizzical smile he went out to listen.

"This is to give notice that this morning early a young man on a horse entered the town from the west bearing on his person papers treascenable to his Majesty the King, and further that a middle-aged man clad like a farmer is supposed also to have come by the same way into the town. Now, therefore, any person knowing aught of either, or who has harboured or entertained such person or persons, is required forthwith to repair to the Townhouse and make declaration of his knowledge thereant. God save the King!"

Having listened to this with con-

temptuous indifference, James Grier returned to Mr. Auchenleck's office and resumed his chair, and soon fell into a sound sleep, heedless of drums, councils, or lawyers.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN old Elspeth had finished her task of clothing Lady Christine and induced her to take some refreshment, she left her alone. Entering the room some hours later she found her fast asleep in a deep cushioned chair. She stood looking at her for some moments, while her face softened with a profound compassion, and compassion in the lineaments of age is the more moving for that it is tutored by knowledge. The old nurse sighed, and stepping to the lady put a light hand on her shoulder. "Come, Christine, I would fain see ye safe at hame."

The girl leaped up with a startled look, but at sight of Elspeth a smile of most charming sunniness broke over her countenance.

"Ye can make up your rest at hame. Your father will be anxious about ye."

"No more sleep to-day, Elspeth. What, sleep while the sun shines?"

"And what for no, if the body calls?"

"But it does not call; besides, I am too fond of the sunshine to incur

The owl's doom: to wake by night,  
To haunt the gloom and shun the  
light."

"Tuts, ye may find a rhyme for any nonsense."

The lady made merry over old Elspeth's concern; she even showed a mind to increase it, and said, simulating disappointment, "And I may not have my sword to wear?"

But instead of responding as she anticipated, the nurse, turning a serious face upon her said in a tone of rebuke: "If I hadna seen ye born

and grow up, and kened ye for a maid, I wad be misdoubtin' ye. My lord your father will be the spoilin' o' ye an' a' your beauty an' promise. What wi' fencin', Latin books, and now nicht adventures, the tender heart o' ye will become grit as a man's."

"No, no. It's unuse that makes hearts hard."

"Ye may break words wi' me as ye will, but I've lived aucht an' seventy year, an' the world's aulder than that, an' I have aye seen an' heard that a maid is a maid an' a man a man. Muckle as I loe ye, I'm no thinkin' ye will manage to be both, an' brag o't. Wae waits ye on that road, an' ye have nae mither to guide ye. When I am dead ye'll mind I said it, my leddy."

"Ah, Elspeth, but do not *lady* me; say Christine, just *wee* Christine. What would you have me do?"

"I wad have ye speak o' gallants and love. Here's Pitcairn keeps rappin' at the yett o' yere heart. He's leal and brave; he's been i' the wars; he has a name and bears it modestly; an' is out o' favour for his gentleness in lettin' sae many o' Charlie's men slip his grip. His likin' for you is warldly loss to him, an' yet ye ne'er so much as raise your 'een to him."

The girl's look was on the ground. After a pause she said: "I am not so hard as that, Elspeth. My father says that in his youth Major Pitcairn was a loyal Stuart. See what he is now."

"Your father will be sair surprised, nae doubt, to find there's Whigs in heaven, an' Stuarts in the tither place. When a man like Pitcairn turns Whig in his sober years, Whiggery is the better o' it, an' I say that that have been loyal a' my days. Come now, loose your heart an' let it gang its way but politics. Deal couthily wi' him the nicht. If I but saw ye wedded fair, I wad die happy, an'

meet your lady-mither wi' a better face."

"Do not speak of death, Elspeth," said the girl passionately. "We live by the kirkyard, my father and I; it is our only pleasaunce and outlook; I spell the gravestones all day. That, and Seneca's maxims which my father instructs me in, weigh me down, and to jump that I would wear a man's clothes and put myself at risk seven times a week. Oh for a bit of sunny life and I would be happy. But my father,—my father! Misfortune is our master; we are poor and walk in the shade, and he is stubborn for his faith, so Pitcairn and love must wait, perhaps go by. It is our fate."

"Fate's a fine fellow when you daunt him, Christine, but dour, dour, when you knuckle down. There's nothing now will come o' Charlie an' his cause. It's dead and done wi', an' will drag ye wi' it if ye cast na loose."

"My father will never cast loose, but stick the closer. So, heigho, Elspeth, let us dance while we may and sing dole when we must."

"But ye'll dance wi' Pitcairn the nicht?"

The girl put her arms round the old nurse's neck, and said in her ear: "Yes, all night, and with no one else, if I might. Come, let us go."

This half confession appeared to lift a load from old Elspeth's mind, and they walked along the street in gay discourse. As they passed by the north side where the country people formed a fruit-market by merely depositing their baskets at the edge of the footpath, Lady Christine stopped to buy some strawberries for breakfast. "They're late, my leddy, but they're sweet, like a last-born bairn," was the quaint recommendation of the apple-cheeked woman who sold them, smiling graciously as the lady paid the price without

attempt at barter ; " I wish ye a braw husband, wi' love an' siller." Lady Christine laughed gaily with old Elspeth at the sally, wherein the nurse found a pretty text to fit Major Pitcairn, and thus with humour and sunshine about them they turned up by the east end of St. Mary's Church and the old tower, emerging on the Argyll-gate just as Captain Arklay and his four troopers passed into the town. Casting a glance on the fair lady as she stood on the path, the Captain made a deep bow of recognition, raising his hat, to which she as courteously responded, a flush of excitement spreading over her face.

"What's astir, Christine? They are wearied and sour-lookin' as if they had been on a march."

Lady Christine looked about her cautiously, but there was no one close by, so stooping to Elspeth's ear she said, "They were waiting for me on the road last night."

"God have a care o' ye, Christine, but this is terrible wark! Oh fie, oh fie!"

"It makes the blood run finely, Elspeth," was the laughing answer. "But hush, no word of this at home. Though I came through, there's a traitor somewhere."

"Och, Christine, speak Pitcairn fair this nicht an' be done wi' this mad wark. It makes my auld bluid run cauld. Be maidenly, my lass, my bairn! Let men put their necks in the loop if they will, but for ye to do such a thing! I think but little o' your father to permit it, an' I will tell him o't to his face."

By this they had made their way up the Friar's Wynd to a point where some vestiges of the old town wall and faint remnants of a port still remained. Here on the east side stood an old picturesque house, fronting the street. The corners were rounded off into false turrets pierced

by arrow-slits and topped by hood-like pinnacles, and the intervening front had irregularly placed arched windows. From its north corner sprang without break an old wall, which had once enclosed the grounds of a monastery and now served as the boundary of the town burying-ground. Within this wall, and contiguous to the house, was an ancient vault from whose roof the thick-covering ivy had spread downwards over the wall, and sent forth shoots to the corner turret of the house, tenaciously linking the dwellings of the dead and the living. To all Dundee the burial-ground was known as the Howff, a word which means a resort or meeting-place, and is said to have been bestowed upon the place because of some curious local custom of open-air assemblage there, but perhaps also with a poetic regard to that last great congregation of the dead within its bounds. And so it was that the house just described had, from its position, come to be distinguished as the House by the Howff.

Here, in the decay of his fortunes, widowed, poor, his lands forfeited to the Government, and himself under suspicion, lived Lord Balmeath. These his temporal disabilities were the result of his active participation in the rising of 1715, and although he had taken no part in the recent rebellion, still his stiff-necked profession of loyalty to the Stuarts remained unrecanted, and he would not stoop to crave favour or consideration from the powers that prevailed, even had the times been propitious. Worshipping his own consistency, he turned a proud face to fate, and maintained an undying contempt for the Whigs. Neither misfortune nor poverty could abate his sense of what was due to his rank, which he held to be fixed by immutable laws; but if no art of man could diminish his title to nobility,

neither could any consideration of personal gain or profit prevail against his integrity. The recent disastrous failure of fresh hopes had cast a shadow as of final ruin over his life, which only increased his profession of political faith. "Balmeath," said a brother peer to him one day after one of his characteristic outbursts, "you would grace a scaffold finely." "I should die," came the dignified answer, "decorously anywhere."

Lady Christine and the old nurse ascended the few steps to the low arched door, which the lady opened with a key and passed in. But Elspeth hung back, saying in a whisper: "I will not go in. I would be saying to your father what I should na, though another should. I have mickle to do against the ball the nicht." Lady Christine stepped out again and kissed her. "Mind ye speak Pitcairn fair, my lamb, for I wad fain see ye happy," said the old dame as she turned on her way back.

Christine passed into the principal room of the house, a handsome oblong whose windows faced the south, looking out upon a scanty garden enclosed by a high wall. The table was laid for breakfast, and she emptied her strawberries into a dish, and, standing half-abstractedly, shaped them into a symmetrical heap, turning the large ones to the outside. At the sound of her movements the door at the further end was opened and a French serving-woman appeared, who, after greeting her, said, "Monsieur is in the chapel."

Lady Christine went up a narrow stair to her own chamber, a little room facing the north and overlooking the churchyard. She gazed through the window for a moment with the same air of abstraction, then

opened the casement and made a chirping sound with her lips. Immediately from amidst the ivy that grew thick and dark over the roof of the vault beneath there flew up to the sill a clamorous flock of sparrows. "Good-day to you," she said as she broke some bread, and held out some pieces which the bolder picked on the wing from between her fingers. She then sprinkled the sill thickly with crumbs, and while the noisy birds disputed the feast, sat down by a table and began to remove her outdoor garments; and still over her face lay the expression of something which was evidently pleasant to think upon. She sat for a little while motionless, then with a kind of sigh drew a dark hood over her head, hung round her neck a rosary, and descended to the hall. Here, just within the street door to the left, an arcade of three divisions was fashioned in the wall with a quatrefoil carved at the intersections. On the rounded centre of the first of these she pressed her finger. The wall of the shallow arch yielded like a door, through which she passed while it closed behind her. Down two steps was another unfastened door, through which she entered the ancient vault. It was but dimly lit by so much of the sunlight as could pierce through the ivy which grew close over the three carved openings high up in the wall. Against the east end stood a simply furnished altar, before which knelt a white-haired man clad in velvet. He made no movement as Lady Christine approached and knelt beside him. Father and daughter remained for some time in this posture. At last he rose, and after a little she also, and together they re-entered the house.

*(To be continued.)*

## ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LOCAL COLOUR.

LOCAL colour is a phrase with a history; it is a phrase familiar also in current criticism and literary talk at the present moment. Only the other day an American critic proclaimed the fashion of local colour to be the most modern phase of literature; and he did not speak entirely without book. The Indian stories of Mr. Kipling have been a striking feature of recent literature, and the exotic descriptions of Pierre Loti landed that singularly unacademic mariner safely in the desired haven of the French Academy with unusual rapidity. There is now hardly any corner of the earth which is not being explored by a writer or group of writers for the purposes of what is called local colour in fiction. Malay tales we have, and Kaffir tales, and tales of the South Sea Islands. In America every State will soon have its *sacerdotes* to bestow a moderate immortality upon its particular character and charm. The Californian stories of Bret Harte have been followed (at a long distance) by stories of the Tennessee mountains, of the New England village, of the Southern plantation and of the great prairie farm; while we on our side have our tales of Thrums and Galloway, of Irish bogland and Highland glen, of Wessex, and Devon and Cornwall. If mortal things now touch the mind of Théophile Gautier, the revival of the phrase and its modern vogue must give his spirit some moments of delightful reminiscence; for *la couleur locale* was a watchword, one might say the watchword, of Gautier himself and his young romantic legion just seventy years ago. Local colour,

Prosper Mérimée told Taine in the after days, was the Holy Grail of the young Romantics; and in 1827 when he too was a Romantic, he held it for dogma with the rest that, save in local colour, there was no salvation. When Eugène de Nully was in Africa, his friend Gautier wrote to him, "Just send me a few pots of local colour, and I will make famous Turkish and Algerian stories." A few pots of local colour, and literature was easy then. Victor Hugo had written poems of the East, and Musset tales of Italy and Spain, and these had been the predecessors of a motley progeny of exotic poetry and romance. Everything foreign was in favour, everything French at a discount. "The other peoples say Homer, Dante, Shakespeare; we say Boileau": so wrote Hugo scornfully in the preface to *LES ORIENTALES*. Shakespeare's name was much in the mouths of the Romantics, Stendhal's pamphlet on Racine and Shakespeare having saved them probably the shock of contact with the original.

Perhaps the most naïf symptom of the fashion was the divine discontent of the young men with their own French names. Maxime du Camp has told us how after reading Hugo's *ROMANCE MAURESQUE*, he envied the happy mortal who not only carried a jewelled dagger as of course, but had a name like Don Rodrigue de Lara. Having to choose a title for a youthful book of his own, he called it *WISTIBROCK L'ISLANDAIS*. Why Iceland, why Wistibrock, he asked himself with stupefaction in later years? Yet while indulging his fancy in fiction, he endured his own baptismal



name. It was not so with others. What imaginative geography was responsible for the name of Pétrus Borel it is idle to conjecture; but when Théophile Dondey transformed himself into Philothée O'Neddy, and Auguste Maquet became Augustus MacKeat, the exotic intention is plainly, if inaccurately, indicated. MacKeat may not sound very Scotch on this side of the channel, nor Philothée O'Neddy convincingly Irish; but both were near enough for the Latin Quarter. It may be remembered that Hugo introduced the bagpipes into a romance for local colour, and contentedly called them "bugpipes" through chapter after chapter and edition after edition, without any protest from French readers. Young romantic bloods, cursed with the common name of Jean, revived the mediæval *h*, and called themselves Jehan. For, as Gautier explained, the yearning for the foreign embraced time as well as space; their nostalgia, as he called it, was for other ages as well as other lands. His own red waistcoat at HERNANI for example, about which all the fuss was made, was not a red waistcoat at all; it was a *pourpoint rose*. A red waistcoat would have smacked of modern politics; and modern politics were simply an offence to them, Pétrus Borel being the only republican among them. The *pourpoint rose*, on the other hand, was a badge of mediævalism. Mediæval Gothic was for a while their only wear in religion and politics as well as art. It was quite a schism, Gautier said, when he introduced the antique. Gautier himself was happy in a Merovingian head of hair. If you could not look like Childeric or Clovis, it was well to have the appearance of a Maharajah. A certain Bouchardy owed his prestige among the Romantics not so much to his ultra-Gothic designs and

his inexhaustible memory for Hugo's verse, as to his Asiatic complexion. In muslin and turban he was an Indian prince to the life, said Gautier; and when he rose to leave their company they felt as if his palanquin was waiting at the door. He was the mildest-mannered of men, but the picturesque ferocity of his appearance gave, in the opinion of his friends, a very salutary shock to the prosperous citizen of Paris. Failing the physique of a Maharajah and the Merovingian head of hair, the next best thing was to be of a livid and cadaverous countenance, with the gloom of fate on a Byronic brow. For this midsummer madness Gautier kept his zest to the end. After romanticism had gone out, and science and pseudo-science had come in, nay, after the iron of calamitous reality had entered the soul of Paris and of her children,—first capitulation, then famine, then bombardment, a disaster, as Gautier characteristically remarked to Goncourt, completely satisfying every canon of art—even then, and till his death, his delight was to talk local colour with congenial spirits and discuss the great days which the phrase recalled to him.

Mérimée did not remain so faithful to the doctrine in which he was brought up. He began bravely. Local colour being, as he said, their Holy Grail, he and his young friend Ampère began by vowing themselves to its quest through the countries of the earth. They had enthusiasm but alack! they had no money, and in modern Europe not even knight-errantry can be managed without money. In this difficulty they decided to lay on the local colour out of their own heads at home, and afterwards to travel upon the profits of the books to see if their pictures were like. In prosecution of this hopeful plan, young Mérimée took Dalmatia to be his province, and in a

fortnight, it is said, produced a volume of what purported to be translations from the Illyrian. This spirited essay in local colour, if not remunerative in money, was so successful in accomplishment that the supposed product of Illyrian genius was gravely discussed by German savants, and was thought worthy of translation by the Russian poet Poushkin. The facile success, he told Taine afterwards, opened his eyes to the cheapness of the trick and killed at a blow his belief in the virtue of local colour. So at least he used to say in the after years; yet perhaps it is not necessary to take him quite at his word. It was Mérimée's little way to mask his emotions and to make light of his convictions; nor will the judicious reader forget that there are no sounder monuments of the romantic use of local colour than Mérimée's own little masterpieces, TAMANGO, MATEO FALCONE, CARMEN, COLOMBA.

It was in COLOMBA that Mérimée published the recantation of his early faith. He drew a satirical portrait of a young English lady returning from Italy disgusted because she had failed to find there the local colour she was in quest of, and being recommended to try her luck in Corsica. "Local colour!" exclaims Mérimée, commenting on the young lady's fancy; "explain who can the meaning of the phrase, which I understood so well some years ago, but which I understand no longer." He understood the thing, however, so well still, that no traveller's kit to Corsica has since been complete without a copy of COLOMBA.

The young English lady's craving for the local colour of Italy reminds us that the fashion was no new thing in the days of Mérimée and Gautier. The Italy of her dreams was the Italy of Childe Harold. Before Hugo and Musset was the English Byron. When

the young French Romantics were playing at sultans and bandits in the purlieus of Paris, they acknowledged to themselves that they were vying on unequal terms with Milord Byron, with his real adventures and exotic loves and his draught of blood (or was it punch?) out of a hollow skull in the authentic vaults of Newstead Abbey. It was our own Byron and Scott and Ossian Macpherson who spread the romantic fashion for local colour through Europe. And in France itself, before Hugo, there was Chateaubriand; and before Chateaubriand's descriptions of the virgin forests of America, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had introduced into French literature the blazing flowers and luxuriant growths of the tropics. It is indeed to Saint-Pierre that French critics are inclined to give the credit of the initiation of what they call *exotism*.

The exotism of the chief Romantics was, it has to be admitted, rather superficial. LES ORIENTALES was one of the flags about which the fight for local colour fastened; but Hugo's oriental colouring was the merest theatrical decoration. Hugo and Musset knew nothing whatever at first hand of the East or of Spain. Hugo ultimately got as far afield as to the Channel Islands, but it was a decree of banishment that took him there; and when Musset was offered the chance of travel in that Spain which was the Romantic's land of promise, he refused to go. Théophile Gautier, on the other hand, was no inconsiderable traveller, and a traveller with an unusual eye for the picturesque. And the unhappy Gérard de Nerval, another of the vanguard of 1830, not only dwelt for some time in Constantinople and Cairo, but carried his cult of local colour to the length of wedding an Abyssinian wife. His French friends were full of curiosity concerning her; and Gérard assured

them gently that she was yellow all over.

That the local colour of Hugo and the rest was not so thorough as that of Gérard's Abyssinian wife was apparent to many minds even in the hey-day of romanticism. When Amédée Jaubert, the Orientalist, was quoting Saadi one day, and Maxime du Camp retaliated with *LES ORIENTALES*, the other shrugged his shoulders, and said that making oriental poetry without knowing the East was like making rabbit-pie without the rabbit. It was no doubt the superficial and unreal character of this popular local colour that dissatisfied Mérimée, in whom the impulse of scholarship was at least as strong as the impulse of romance. He was in fact not strictly of the Hugolatrous generation, but a disciple of Stendhal, a man who knew Italy by heart; and his sympathies were less with the enthusiasms of 1830 than with the spirit of erudition and science of the generation which followed. Nobody knew better than Mérimée that the phrase which was so much in the mouths of militant Romantics meant originally something wider and deeper than a decorative use of Arab steeds and Spanish cloaks and medieval mummery. The phrase had been coined to express opposition to the colourless uniformity of the classical ideal. On the French stage in the Grand Siècle everybody wore the same fine wigs and spoke the same fine Alexandrines in the same academic vocabulary. The cry for local colour was the cry of revolt against this tyrannous uniformity; a cry for the concrete and the characteristic in place of the conventional type. It was by an intelligible transition enough that the sacred cause came to be identified with dramas of Spanish outlaws picturesquely defying the old-fashioned rules of French prosody. The fight of classic and romantic was

like other literary battles, a battle with confused noise, and in the confusion the further the Romantics got from Racine the safer they felt, and the flags of Hugo and Musset were no bad banners to follow. But originally the cry for local colour was not a cry merely for foreign colour; it was a cry for characteristic and appropriate colour. Only, and here perhaps was Mérimée's later difficulty, if local colour signified no more than appropriate and characteristic colour, how was the shibboleth of revolution to be distinguished from the elementary maxims of art? In this catholic sense Homer was as much a master of local colour as Théophile Gautier. This is probably what Mérimée meant when he said he no longer understood the meaning of the term. What in fact did Maupassant's lessons in style from Flaubert come to but this,—that whether he described a Carthaginian battle or a carriage passing the club window, it should be impossible for readers to mistake his particular battle or carriage for any other? The secret of style, in other words, lay in accurate local colour; and thus the romantic battle-cry is found transformed into the school maxim of realism.

That the thing called realism was indeed the natural sequel and complement of romanticism has long been clear. It was so both by development and reaction. For the orientalism and medievalism of their predecessors the French Realists substituted the local colour of the province and the gutter. It need not be supposed that this later local colour is always of unimpeachable accuracy. The Realist, being for the most part but the Romantic topsy-turvy, is quite as fond, after his own fashion, of forcing and falsifying his tones for effect. Still the free licence of the imagination is undoubtedly more restrained in dealing with things which lie under the

writer's and reader's nose; and the more exacting standard of accuracy required on familiar ground reacted in turn on the imaginative freedom of unfamiliar description. Moreover, the whole trend of the post-romantic generation was in the direction of science and observation. Indeed, romanticism itself was both a symptom and a stimulus of awakening interest in things remote in place and time, which was bound to lead and did lead, to exploration and research. The effect of the change on the old romantic cult of local colour was naturally considerable, and the immediate effect may be observed in Flaubert, who in this, as in other matters, has the interest for criticism of occupying a transitional position. Flaubert grew up a Romantic of the Romantics, and his literary ambition was to produce a masterpiece of local colour. This aspiration of his early years took form, in the fulness of time and after protracted labour, in the Carthaginian romance of *SALAMMÔ*. *SALAMMÔ* is a book of local colour all compact; but it is local colour not at all of the earlier romantic pattern. The formula was the same, but the spirit is altered. The yearning for a climate more flamboyant than the native grey of his Norman skies, the itch to startle the conventional Frenchman, are quite in the romantic tradition; but the spirit of the later generation asserts itself in Flaubert's extraordinary anxiety to make his exotic colour true. The Carthage of *SALAMMÔ* is, I dare say, not a little unlike the real Carthage; but that Flaubert took all possible pains to make it as like as he could was abundantly proved in his controversies with his critics. Not only had he travelled in Africa and explored the site, though so much locomotion as was needed for a walk round his garden was irksome to

him, but he furthermore made himself acquainted with every document which could throw light on Carthaginian history or character. And what was the effect of this elaborately studied colour? Sainte Beuve expressed what, I think, must be the general verdict, when he complained that this *tour de force* of local colour lacked all human interest. Flaubert retorted that his critic's distaste was the measure of his own success, that it was precisely because the local colour was genuine and not a mere romantic decoration, that his critic missed the kind of human interest he looked for. What he would have liked, said Flaubert, was a set of sentimental Frenchmen masquerading in Carthaginian fancy dress; the real barbaric Moloch-worshipping Carthaginian was not nice to a Parisian taste. And when again Sainte Beuve protested that he was unable to feel the fascination of a beauty daubed with vermilion and poisoned with perfume, Flaubert begged him to take his Bible and to use his nose; Judith and Esther, he assured him, were every bit as much poisoned with perfume as his own *Salammbô*. As is always the case in controversy between competent antagonists, there was truth on both sides. But it is pertinent to observe that Flaubert's citation of Esther and Judith tells against himself; if he had written their stories there would have been no need of the admonition to use our noses. The Oriental writers, on the other hand, not being set upon executing a *tour de force* of local colour, make, in spite of all the oriental colouring, the human story the predominant interest.

And this brings us to the question which is of something more than historical interest, the practical question, what is the true method and manner of local colour under our modern conditions? Some incompatibility

there does seem to be between the new knowledge and the old romance. When a certain critic objected to THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM that there were no lions in it, the author replied that that kind of African romance was best written in Piccadilly. Well, there are not a few who still prefer the old-fashioned stories, with lions in them, written in Piccadilly to such a sample of the new fashion as THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM. They argue that Defoe never got much further from home than to the pillory, and that Crusoe's island is good enough for them. They protest that Charles Kingsley depicted the West Indies very nicely out of the windows of his English parsonage. They remember that when Tom Moore complacently recorded the compliments he received on his description of Cashmere in LALLA ROOKH, the very point he was proud of was that he had never set foot in the country. And such too was the boast of Harriet Martineau for her FEATS ON THE FJORDS, which till lately was an ordinary English guide to Norway. And yet even those who rate romance above barren knowledge must confess that the day for this easy-going kind is over. Geographical science it might have survived, but scarcely an era of steam, and Cook's tours, and special correspondents. A man will hardly venture to lay on his local colour lightly in his suburban study when he is liable to find himself at dinner with a lady on his right who shoots her own bears, and a lady on his left who flogs her own niggers. And the consequence is that romancers have been reduced to making expeditions on purpose to study their local colour. The Press is full of paragraphs of what is euphemistically called literary gossip, informing an astonished world how one popular novelist is in Iceland studying local colour for his next Saga,

while another has taken his yacht to the Mediterranean to lay in local colour for his next Biblical romance. So business-like has the practice become that an ingenious novelist lately deducted the travelling expenses incurred in procuring his local colour from his income-tax assessment; and Somerset House, aghast, asked how the Queen's Government was to be carried on. I confess to being sceptical as to the value of the local colour crammed for the occasion. I have little faith in the Zolaistic "document," nor much more in the advertised preparatory tours of our own romancers. You may pick up a few picturesque details in your fortnight in the Eternal City, or your six weeks in Syria, but that is about as much as you will get of any value.

An amusing incident, by the way, in the career of a Realist in search of local colour occurred in the composition of M. Zola's *ROME*. M. Zola was originally most anxious to draw his Pope from the life, and for that purpose was bent upon penetrating the sacred enclosure of the Vatican. His Holiness, however, courteously but firmly declined to sit for his portrait to the French novelist. Whereupon, our Arch-realist discovers straightway that the limitations of this particular Pontiff would only have hampered his imagination, and he is confident that he can make a better Pope out of his own head. *Habemus confitentem*; the allegiance to the lordship of the imagination is from an unfavourable quarter, but for what it is worth it is a witness to the truth. For I take it to be an axiom of sound criticism, that the imagination is sovereign in all description that counts for literature. With genius and the poet's imagination a hint of Hakluyt or Humboldt will bear fruit an hundredfold; without it you may travel hundreds of miles, and fill hundreds

of note-books, and for all your pains be never a whit nearer to the truth that maketh alive. It is because his imagination is torpid and mechanical, that the hack-romancer is reduced to these laborious researches after local colour and reliance upon his reporter's faculty. We call it, in our solemn, modern way, sometimes Science, and sometimes Art; we might with almost equal justice call it Woodenheadedness.

Given genius and the poetic imagination the true school, and, so far as I can see, the only true school for that intimate and accurate local colour which the times demand is the instinctive observation of youth and adolescence, the unconscious or half unconscious absorption of impression during the early formative years. Compare, for example, the Scotch novels with *IVANHOE* or *THE TALISMAN*; compare George Eliot's English Midlands with the Florence of her *ROMOLA*; compare Hawthorne's New

England with the Rome of his *TRANSFORMATION*; compare Mr. Kipling's India with his London. The moral is, I think, the same in each case; and it is the moral of the comparison so unfortunately challenged by Flaubert between *SALAMMBO* and the Bible. If knowledge is to be fruitful, it must be the knowledge of familiarity, so thoroughly assimilated as to be subservient to the imagination.

But what criticism has chiefly to bear in mind about local colour is that the phrase has been used at different times and on different lips to signify two distinct and almost opposite things. It has been used on the one hand to signify the magic of the unfamiliar, the romance of the unknown regions "over the hills and far away;" it is used, on the other hand, to signify the intimate touch of familiarity, the harvest of the quiet eye and loving spirit in their own little corner of earth.

W. P. JAMES.



## RAYMOND LULLY.

"THE book of the past," says a German writer, "is on the whole a closed book; the greatest historians have only succeeded in turning one or two of its pages." And if this mournful saying be true of any epoch, it is surely true of that grotesque and brilliant period, with its singular brutalities and yet more singular tenderness, which we call the Middle Ages. For here the student is baffled, not merely by scanty and conflicting records, but in a very marked degree by changes in modes of thought and sentiment, by differences of moral and intellectual standards. A little later we find ourselves in a country much easier to traverse; no unbridged gulf divides us from Erasmus and Montaigne and Luther. But the men of the Middle Ages—how remote they are! The procession has swept by, and we strain our eyes and ears to catch only a glimpse of the pageant, an echo of the voices grown faint in the distance. A glimpse, an echo,—that is all this sketch can offer, all that can now be discerned, through the shadows that lie about his lonely path, of one who represents not unworthily the spirit of the great century in which he lived.

There was no lack of variety in Raymond Lully's life, and there is none in the accounts of it which have come down to us. His name, to begin with, is written in half a dozen different ways; but to English readers it is naturally best known in its English form as Raymond Lully. In one shape or another it stands high on every contemporary roll, whether of literature, science, philosophy, or religion. To some he is known as the

alchemist, to others as the missionary; the Church alternately revered him as a martyr and condemned him as a heretic; while Science, not more constant, in one age hailed him the noblest of her sons and in another denounced him as a vain and shallow impostor. Seldom indeed has Fortune played shuttlecock so cruelly with a good man's reputation.

In the first half of the thirteenth century King James the First of Aragon resolved to drive the Moors out of the Balearic Isles and to add them to his own dominions. Among the Catalonian gentlemen who were eager to share in the glory and the gain of this enterprise was the father of Raymond Lully. At the successful conclusion of the expedition a grant of land in the island of Majorca rewarded his services, and at Palma, probably in 1235, his only son was born.

The gift of a child had been long waited and earnestly prayed for, and his birth was welcomed as an almost miraculous answer to the devotion of his parents; but as the boy grew up it seemed to them sometimes as if Heaven had granted a very doubtful blessing. Raymond early plunged into the wildest dissipation; and his reckless folly and extravagant self-indulgence soon made him the scandal of the island. His parents arranged a marriage for him in the hope that this might have a sobering effect, but nothing was of any avail till the hour struck of that strange transformation for which our only name is conversion. The account of this turning point in Lully's life as related by one of his early biographers, outrageous though

it may sound in modern ears, is too characteristic, too purely medieval, to be omitted.

For some time Raymond, now in his thirty-second year, had been vehemently in love with a beautiful Genoese lady who had steadily resisted his persistent advances. Finding that no coldness could check his ardour, at last, with her husband's consent, she granted him an interview. The lover arrived, joyous and triumphant at his unexpected success; the lady, greeting him gently and coldly, asked why he continued to pursue her. The young noble replied by blaming Ambrosia's irresistible beauty. "I perceive that you hold me," she answered, "the fairest and most desirable of women, and since there is but one way of healing you of this madness, I take it." And with that she unfastened the clasp of her robe and showed him the soft whiteness of her breast devoured by a cancerous disease. Then, as he gazed aghast at the hideous disclosure, "Why will you not turn," she said, "while yet there is time, from the beauty that is the prey of death and corruption to the perfect and enduring loveliness of Him who is fairer than the sons of men?" Her lover fled homewards horror-struck and confounded, and all that night he was haunted by a vision of Christ on the Cross. He endeavoured to throw off the impression, returning for some months to his usual life, but the face of the dying Redeemer came between him and every distraction, and he resolved to give up the struggle.

The age of compromise had not yet arrived; Raymond at least could see no half-way house between the two worlds. He made haste to resign the appointment he held of the King, sold his estates, providing for his wife and three children with the proceeds, and reserving for himself only a bit of ground on the mountain-side where he

might live the life of prayer and contemplation. There he spent the next nine years, preaching to the peasants in their native Catalanian and composing rhymed proverbs or maxims for their benefit. A Spaniard and a noble, it would have been only natural had he followed in the steps of Dominic, his compatriot, but he had much closer affinities with the saint of Assisi. Not only in the missionary zeal, of which we have to speak, do we see this likeness, but in that gentle hopefulness of temper which discerned in all the visible universe an expression of the Divine Love. All creatures were to Raymond mirrors, as he says, in which to contemplate his Beloved; if he glanced at the flowers of the field, he saw his Lord looking upon him through the innocent eyes of the blossoms He had made; he assures us there is a universal language of love spoken and understood through all creation. The mystical undertone is audible through all his teaching; and his simple listeners were drawn to him by the magic of that strange, sweet note. It was during these solitary years that his ruling idea first took a definite shape.

It was the century of Innocent the Third and of Louis the Ninth, of the great Hohenstaufen, the century that saw the beginning of the Mendicant Orders and the end of the Crusades. The impulse that for nearly two hundred years had drenched the soil of Palestine with blood was all but exhausted. Christendom had emptied her treasures, had sacrificed her children, had lavished her enthusiasm upon a great cause; it was dawning upon her now that the cause was lost; God had not gone out with the Christian armies, and the infidel still was master of the holy places. Nor was it merely of material victories, of fortresses defended and armies defeated, that the Saracen could boast;

he had achieved greater conquests than these. The Eastern air was tainted, it seemed, with Eastern heresies. Men who had set out for Palestine, the steadfast soldiers of the Faith, came home dangerously tolerant; and already round the Templars, the sworn champions of the Cross, there were gathering those sinister rumours that before long were to work the ruin of the great Order. Raymond, pondering these things in his lonely hut, thought he perceived the true cause of the failure. The Crusades had been unblessed by God because they were contrary to the Spirit of God. "The way of violence," he cries, "is not the way of the Cross. I see many knights crossing the sea to the Promised Land, thinking to conquer it by the might of their weapons, but never may they attain their end. To me it seems it may not be won in any way but that by which Thou, Lord Christ, and Thy apostles won it, by love, by prayers, by tears, by blood. Oh Thou true light of men, Light of all light, is it not because we forget our foremost duty to love and guide the unbelieving that they sit blindly in the darkness; and shall they not accuse us in the Last Day?"

Filled with the persuasion that conversion, not conquest, was the Church's mission, he resolved to fit himself for the work of an evangelist by the study of Arabic. He bought a Moorish slave to be his teacher, but when the devout Mahomedan understood Lully's object, the course of lessons was rudely interrupted by the teacher's attempt to assassinate his too apt scholar. Nothing discouraged by this ill-omened beginning, Lully determined, in 1274, to leave his hermitage to equip himself more fully for the task before him. He went to Montpellier and to Paris, where, if half the works attributed to him are

genuine, he must have ranged more or less hastily over the whole field of university knowledge. He had now formed two definite schemes by means of which his great aim, the salvation of Islam, was to be carried out. The first was the establishment everywhere of missionary colleges for the study of Eastern tongues, and in 1275 he had already prevailed on the King of Aragon to found a convent in Majorca where thirteen Franciscans were to be trained for missionary work. Eleven years later he went to Rome and endeavoured to induce Pope Honorius the Fourth to adopt his plan and carry it out on a larger scale, but the Pope's death interrupted his efforts. By this time he had produced his *ARS MAGNA*, the second instrument by which he confidently expected to achieve his life's purpose, and returning to Paris proceeded to reveal to the expectant University the newly discovered key to all truth.

Nothing could be more ironical than the contrast between Raymond's purpose and the means with which he counted on carrying it out. One hardly knows whether to be more astonished at the audacity of the conception, or at the clumsiness of the tool that was formed to execute it. So far removed from modern methods is the system of logic with which Raymond fondly expected to convert the Mahomedan world, that it is difficult to gain a very clear idea of the work that carried its author at once to the highest pinnacle of European fame. It is however impossible to write of Lully and to entirely ignore the system which he spent most of his life in perfecting, and on which his dearest hopes were based.

Truth, he says in effect, is the Christian's only weapon; it is divine, it is invincible. It is no wonder that men do not consent to desert the faith

of their fathers for the inadequate motives generally proposed to them. But if the truth can only be made visible to men they must needs accept it. Christianity, he goes on to declare, treading boldly where a better theologian would have stepped softly, being true, must be capable of being shown to be true; it is not to be only accepted humbly by faith, it is also to be discerned, recognised and laid hold on by reason. All that we require, then, if we would convert the infidel is a sufficiently-intelligible demonstration of the truth in a tongue he can comprehend; he must be persuaded, as it were, to enter a narrow lane hedged in by insurmountable walls of argument, at the farther end of which he will certainly find God. This path Lully believed he had discovered, and the name of it was *ARS MAGNA*.

The clue to the *ARS MAGNA* is combination. Every science has its own principles; there are also general principles, applicable generally to all science; and in the general principles common to all science the separate principles are contained, as the special is contained in the universal. Through the general we find our way into the special and separate. Lully discovers in the Universe generally nine Subjects,—God, Angel, Heaven, Man, the Imaginative Principle, the Sensitive, the Negative, the Elementary, and the Instrumental; nine Absolute Predicates which he arranges in a circle:—Goodness, Magnitude, Duration, Power, Wisdom, Will, Virtue, Truth, and Glory; and nine Relative Predicates arranged in three triangles:—Difference, Concord, Contrariety, Beginning, Middle, End, Majority, Equality, Minority. To these he adds ten Questions; Whether? What? Whence? Why? How Large? Of What Kind? When? Where? How? With What? Each Subject, Predicate, and Question is represented by a letter of the

alphabet. Truth is sought by questions and found by answers. By a dexterous combination of these figures an infinite number of questions may be asked; and if the Art has been properly mastered, they must be correctly answered. But without the three friends, Subtlety of Intellect, Reason, and Good Intention, no one can master the Art; and the failure of those who find it impossible to follow Lully through the intricacies of his method must be attributed to the absence of one of the three. With rare generosity, Lully fully reckoned on meeting them all among his infidel adversaries.

This ingenious device for compressing the universe into geometrical figures, was received by the foremost university of the time as though it were, what its author indeed believed it to be, a direct inspiration from the God of Truth. The germs of heresy which it contained were not detected by Lully's contemporaries; the Art received the sanction of the highest authorities; the lecture-room in which he expounded it was crowded daily by enthusiastic students, and the Spanish mystic was soon known throughout Europe as the Illuminated Doctor. Emboldened by this incredible triumph, Raymond translated it at once into Arabic, that it might be ready for those for whose benefit it was primarily intended. To measure men, intellectually at least, by the standard of their own age and not by that of our own, is a vital principle of historical criticism; and even while we accept without demur the contemptuous verdict which the philosophy of our own day has passed upon Lully's method, we ought not to forget that when he went straying into this sterile region on his fruitless and ridiculous errand, he had the best part of the wit and scholarship of his generation in his train.

In 1291 Lully left Paris to press his scheme of linguistic colleges again upon the Pope. With reckless indifference to times and seasons, he chose the moment when the last foothold on the Syrian shore had just been lost, and all Christendom was mourning the fall of Acre. No Christian prince was then in a mood to interest himself in the spiritual welfare of the victorious foe, and discouraged, but not despairing, Raymond shook the dust of Rome from his feet and resolved that, since neither prince nor prelate would help him, he would carry out his mission alone. He went to Genoa and took his passage in a ship bound for Africa; his manuscripts and other possessions were already on board, when suddenly at the last moment his courage failed him and he made his way from the quay through the crowd of mocking spectators who had assembled to watch with reverence the departure of the new apostle. Distress of mind brought on a severe illness; or perhaps the approach of illness explains the access of nervous panic that had frustrated his purpose. He lay for some time between life and death in a Franciscan convent, devoured by remorse and humiliation, and long before his nurse pronounced him fit to move he had himself carried on board a vessel bound for Tunis, to obey, at any cost, the Divine call. At Tunis he seems at first to have been allowed complete license. He preached and disputed, and he drew up a General Table of the Sciences, as a sort of appendix to the Art; but before long he was banished from the country on pain of death. He returned to Italy to teach and to perfect his method, and at Naples he met the man who gave a new turn to his passion for knowledge. Arnauld de Villeneuve was the famous alchemist whose acquaintance he had already

made at Montpellier, and he now proposed to lead Raymond into that mysterious pursuit, supremely fascinating to the medieval mind, whose end was the fulfilment of all desire. The apparent incongruity between Lully's former studies and this new subject has led to the conjecture that Raymond Lully the missionary and Raymond Lully the alchemist were two different men; but in the thirteenth century the two characters required in fact no reconciliation. Nothing can be more erroneous than to imagine that the alchemist's leading motive was a vulgar desire to be rich; the wealth to be obtained by the possessor of the secret was only an incidental advantage. "Gold, I confess," says the English alchemist Ashmole, "is a delicious object, a goodly light. But he to whom the whole course of nature lies open, rejoiceth not so much that he can make gold and silver as that he sees Heaven open and his own name fairly written in the Book of Life." And this is no exaggerated representation of the feeling that inspired the sincere seeker for the Stone, which was not to be found save by the divinely illuminated. It is true, and the Alchemists themselves admit it, that this lofty ideal was not always borne in mind by those who professed to be the elect sons of Art. There were plenty of these who might have sat to Chaucer for his portrait of the Canon's Yeoman.

We blondren ever and poren in the fyre,  
And for all that we faylen of our desire,  
For ever we lack our conclusion,  
To moche folk we do illusion.

But to others the revelation of the Secret was, in fact, a revelation of God, to be won by strenuous renunciation of all that is base and carnal, a divine vision granted to the pure in heart, and to them only.

Illusion there certainly was and

plenty of it. Lully seems to have believed that he had actually discovered the means of transmuting metals; but we none the less find him a poor man, wandering from place to place, ineffectually pressing his scheme upon princes and people, and all the while occupied in the perfecting of his Art. In 1306, or 1307, he crossed the seas once more to Bugia and succeeded in making a few converts before he was thrown into prison and condemned to die if he would not turn Moslem. His sentence, however, was commuted to exile. He was present at the Council of Vienne in 1311, and this brings us to an incident in his life so curious that it is difficult to decide precisely on the measure of credence it deserves.

The story goes that at Vienne he received letters from the King of England inviting him to visit that country. He accepted the invitation in the hope of interesting the English sovereign in his cherished projects, and was honourably received and lodged at Westminster, where his friend and disciple Cremer was Abbot. He promised, Cremer assures us, to give the King all the wealth he wished for on condition that it should be used in a new Crusade to be led by Edward in person.<sup>1</sup> From Westminster Raymond was transferred to the Tower, where he set to work, by his own account to carry out his part of the bargain; but presently perceiving that the King had no intention of doing as much, he made his escape by stratagem and fled to the Continent. Of the gold that Raymond made out of mercury, lead, and copper, we are told the first rose-nobles were coined.

The story bristles with such obvious errors that it is now generally dismissed as pure fable. It is certain that Lully did not make rose-nobles;

they were first coined under Henry the Fourth, a hundred years later. We may take it as equally certain that he did not transmute five thousand pounds of mercury, lead, and copper into gold either while he was in the Tower or anywhere else. But while it is hard to admit the story, we find it still harder to entirely reject it. Lully's own Testament is generally considered authentic, and both in it and in his *BOOK OF EXPERIMENTS* he alludes distinctly to his English visit. The evidence of Cremer, so clear and convincing in itself, is discounted by the fact that his name is not to be found on the list of Abbots of Westminster; but this does not by any means dispose of it altogether. It appears to be on the whole probable that Lully came to England, though the details of his visit remain obscure.

Raymond was nearly eighty years old when he returned to Bugia to visit his African disciples. For a few days he prudently remained hidden, having regard to the sentence of death passed upon him should he return. Then confiding to the last in the power of his message, or impatient for the martyr's crown for which he had long been yearning, he showed himself openly in the city, preaching the truth as he saw it with uncompromising energy. He was presently surrounded by a savage crowd, which attacked him with blows and missiles and left him at last for dead. Some Genoese merchants, coming by night to give him Christian burial, discovered that life was not extinct, and carried him on board their vessel, where, before the voyage was over, he died of his injuries in June, 1315.

The worthy traders now found themselves in possession of a piece of costly merchandise, for the body of a Christian martyr was in those days an article of no small commercial value. They put in at Palma resolving to carry their treasure elsewhere if Ray-

<sup>1</sup> CREMERI TESTAMENTUM.



mond's countrymen did not show themselves sufficiently anxious to secure it, but there was no need for anxiety. The corpse was received with every possible honour, and solemnly escorted to Lully's family chapel in the church of Saint Eulalia, but before long it was claimed by the Franciscans, to whose third order Lully seems to have belonged.

Many years afterwards a Capuchin friar, happening to be at Palma, was invited to say mass one morning in a side chapel of the Franciscan church. "Who was astonished," says he, "if not I, when on raising my eyes I beheld before me a wooden image skilfully wrought and coloured, on which was inscribed the words *Beatus R. Lullius*, and below a device of three lighted torches forming a triangle with the motto, *Dominus illuminato mea*." This discovery disturbed the good friar at first, but he reflected that the Holy Inquisition, then supreme in the island, would never have tolerated the effigy of a heretic in that sacred place, and he trusted, therefore, that all was right.

There was indeed some cause for the doubts that disquieted the Capuchin. Fifty years after Lully's death the tide of veneration began to ebb, and in 1371 Nicholas Emericus, a Dominican Inquisitor, was able to discover no less than five hundred heretical propositions in the writings of the Blessed Raymond. It is true that for fear of being tedious he only called attention to one hundred of them, but these were enough to lead Paul the Fourth to place Lully's works on the Index. For two and a half centuries after his death the belief in his heterodoxy seems to have prevailed; but the period of the Renaissance restored him, if not quite to the position he had once occupied, at least to one of considerable reverence. The demand for his canonisation frequently made has never been

granted, but the Council of Trent re-established the purity of the martyr's faith, and the legends of his miraculous powers began probably at this time to enjoy their liveliest circulation. To us it seems remarkable, not that Lully was suspected of being a heretic, but that he was ever believed to be anything else.

A mass of miscellaneous writings have come down to us in the name of Raymond Lully, and even German industry has not yet undertaken the task of deciding finally which of them are genuine. They range over a wide field, including treatises on geometry, astronomy, gardening, navigation, grammar, theology, medicine, philosophy, and natural history. For the most part we must admit them to be a legacy as barren as the Great Art itself. Exceptions well worth mentioning are the volume on *THE CONTEMPLATION OF GOD* and the religious romance, *BLANQUERNA*, written, like the proverbs, in his native tongue. The first is of interest to the student of mysticism, and the latter holds an honourable place in the history of Spanish literature. Of all that Lully aspired to do, little or nothing was done. He left no perceptible trace on the activities of his generation; but unconsciously he left a mark where he certainly never dreamed of leaving it. No infidel lands were won by the Great Art; no North African Church sprang up and blossomed where the martyr's blood was spilled; but on the literature of his country he exercised a noble and enduring influence. "All the clear full tones that echo through the Catalanian hills from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century are unmistakably related to Lully; they are all penetrated by the silver note of his independent thought and lofty soul."<sup>1</sup>

H. C. MACDOWALL.

<sup>1</sup> Helfferich, R. LULL UND DIE ANFÄNGE DER CATALONISCHEN LITERATUR.

## SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW for last January contained an interesting and learned article on the observance of Sunday, in which the subject was treated almost wholly from a theological and scriptural point of view. In the present article it is proposed to consider the same subject in its social and legal aspect, a treatment which it is hoped may be found also interesting, if somewhat less learned.

During recent years the public mind has frequently been stirred by the operation of the Sunday Observance Act, and other cognate Statutes; and some while ago an agitation was set on foot for the repeal of the Act, on the grounds that it was oppressive in its operation and out of harmony with the times. This agitation, although not completely successful, was so far so that now no prosecution can be instituted under this Statute without the sanction of a magistrate or a chief officer of police.

The Lord's Day (commonly called Sunday) Observance Act was passed in the year 1676, during the reign of Charles the Second, a period certainly not remarkable for the austerity of our morals or our manners. The first section of the Act is to the following effect:—

That all the laws enacted and in force concerning the observation of the Lord's Day and repairing to the Church thereon be carefully put into execution, and that all and every person or persons whatsoever shall on every Lord's Day apply themselves to the observation of the same, by exercising themselves thereon in the duties of piety and true religion, publicly and privately, and that no tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer or other person whatsoever shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of

their ordinary callings upon the Lord's Day or any part thereof (works of necessity or charity only excepted), and that every person, being of the age of fourteen years or upwards, offending in the premises, shall for every such offence forfeit the sum of five shillings; and that no person or persons whatsoever shall publicly cry, show forth, or expose to sale any wares, merchandizes, fruit, herbs, goods or chattels whatsoever upon the Lord's Day or any part thereof, upon pain that every person so offending shall forfeit the same goods so cried, or showed forth, or exposed to sale.

As this enactment only prohibits labour, business, or work done in the course of a man's ordinary calling, it has been held in many cases that it does not apply where the Act is outside the course of ordinary business. Thus a contract of hiring made between a farmer and a labourer, or the giving of a guarantee for a servant's honesty by one tradesman to another, are considered valid. The enlistment of a soldier, and the drawing of a bill of exchange on a Sunday, have also been held to be perfectly legal acts. A liberal interpretation has also been given to the words "works of necessity." Cookshops, fruiterers', tobaccoists', and sweet-stuff shops have always been treated as coming within the category of "necessities," the last named business doubtless out of deference to the rising generation. Bakers are allowed to bake a joint or a pie for their customers, as they are held to come within the proviso of Section 3, which says that "nothing in this Act shall extend to the prohibiting of dressing meat in inns, cookshops, or victualling-houses for such as otherwise cannot be provided." A baker must not, however, bake a roll for his

customer's Sunday breakfast, as that would be exercising his ordinary calling. In London and the suburbs bakers come under an Act passed in 1794, which allows them to sell bread, bake meat-puddings or pies between nine in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, "so as the person requiring the baking thereof carry or send the same to and from the place where baked." By Section 2 it is enacted that no drover, horse-courser, waggoner, butcher, higler, or any of their servants shall travel on Sunday under a penalty of twenty shillings, and no person shall use, employ, or travel on Sunday with any boat, wherry, lighter, or barge (except it be upon some extraordinary occasion) under a penalty of five shillings. The above penalties, if unpaid, are to be levied by distress, and if this does not produce the necessary sum the offender is to be "set publicly in the stocks for the space of two hours." The last three sections of the Act provide that any prosecution must be commenced within ten days after the offence has been committed; that a "Sunday traveller" shall not bring an action against the Hundred for robbery committed on that day; and that service of process on Sunday is void.

For upwards of two hundred years this Act remained on the Statute Book without any qualification. In 1871, however, it was feared that some of the Ultra-Sabbatarian party might make use of it as a means of oppressing their less Puritanical neighbours, and an act was accordingly passed providing that no one should take any proceedings under the old Statute without the consent of two Justices of the Peace, or a stipendiary magistrate, or the chief officer of police of the district where the offence was committed. This is probably a sufficient safeguard without repealing what has frequently been

termed an obsolete act. An application was recently made under the Lord's Day Observance Act to one of the Metropolitan police magistrates on behalf of the Quiet Sunday Society. The objects of this Society, which is unsectarian like its kinsman, the Society for the Suppression of Street Noises, is most laudable, the suppression of raucous cries by newspaper boys, vendors of fruit, milk, and other comestibles in the London streets, to the annoyance of the inhabitants. As was said by the advocate in applying for the summons there was no desire to stop the trading, but only the noise which accompanied it. The *corpus delicti* was milk, an article which, according to the express enactment of Section 3 of the Act, can be legally cried before nine o'clock in the morning and after four in the afternoon, but not between those hours. The magistrate convicted the milk-seller of illegally crying his wares and decreed a forfeiture of the milk, though at the same time showing his opinion of the prosecution by refusing to issue a warrant for such forfeiture, and declining to allow the costs of the prosecution. With this barren victory the Quiet Sunday Society had to be satisfied; at all events it may be used as an argument in favour of the Bill for the Suppression of Street Noises on Sunday or any other day. In the town of Sheffield two rival barbers lately fell out, when one indicted the other for following his profession by shaving his customers on a Sunday morning. It was held that this was exercising his ordinary calling, although the Queen's Bench Division held that the prosecution failed from not having obtained the proper Statutory sanction for the prosecution.

In 1781 an Act was passed which affected the Sunday amusements of the people in the same way as the Act of Charles the Second had affected

their business occupations. It was introduced in the House of Lords by Bishop Porteous, after the suppression of the Gordon Riots, under the title of an Act for preventing certain Abuses and Profanations of the Lord's Day called Sunday. It enacted "that any house, room, or other place which shall be opened or used in public entertainment or amusement, or for publicly debating on any subject whatsoever upon any part of the Lord's day called Sunday, and to which persons shall be admitted on the payment of money, or by tickets sold for money, shall be deemed a disorderly house or place." In 1868 the question as to what constituted an entertainment within the meaning of the Act was raised in an action brought in the Court of Common Pleas for the recovery of penalties amounting to the sum of £800. The defendant was president of an Association calling itself an Association for the Development of Religious Feeling by the elevation and instruction of all persons who shall either join the Association or attend its services. The defendant duly registered a place called St. Martin's Hall in Long Acre as the place of meeting intended to be used for religious worship by the Association under the title of Recreative Religionists. This designation was explained to refer, not to recreation in its ordinary sense, but to the creation of a new form of religious worship, by which it was hoped to remedy the alleged indifference of the people at large to ordinary religious services. It consisted of sacred music, such as Rossini's *STABAT MATER*, performed on the organ and sung by a gratuitous choir with paid soloists; after which an address was delivered, always instructive, sometimes of a religious tendency, sometimes neutral rather than religious, but never profane. There was no debating or discussion; nothing

comic or dramatic, or tending to the encouragement of irreligion or impropriety. Entrance to the hall was free, but tickets were sold and money taken for admission to reserved seats. The object of the Association was clearly not pecuniary gain; on the contrary, the services were carried on at a loss although attended by considerable numbers of the public. On these facts the Court of Common Pleas held that the proceedings at these meetings were not an entertainment or amusement within the Act.

In the course of the argument some stress had been laid on the plea that the principal attraction was the music. "But," said Mr. Justice Byles, "if this objection prevailed, it is easy to see that it would have a more extensive application than the plaintiff contemplated." This remark, though made in 1868, is certainly equally applicable to the present day.

In 1875 two actions were brought against the Brighton Aquarium Company to recover penalties for keeping a place of entertainment open on Sundays. It appeared from the evidence that the Brighton Aquarium was a building which consisted of chambers below the level of the ground and a terrace above. The chief part was used as an aquarium for the exhibition of fish; there was also a reading-room and a restaurant, and a band played a selection of sacred music on Sunday evenings. A charge of sixpence was made at the door to every visitor, on Sundays as well as on week days, thereby distinguishing this from the case of St. Martin's Hall. On these facts the Court of Queen's Bench, while at the same time expressing their regret, held that it was impossible to say that the Aquarium was not a place of entertainment and amusement within the Statute of George the Third. This decision led to the passing of an Act in the same year giving the Crown

power to remit, in whole or in part, any penalty, fine, or forfeiture imposed or recovered for any offence under the Act of 1781, whether on indictment, information, or summary conviction, or by action, or any other process. This Act somewhat cooled the ardour of the champions of the Puritanical Sabbath, though on only two or three occasions have the powers given under it been exercised.

In 1894 occurred the well-known Leeds cases, *Reid v. Wilson and Ward*, and *Reid v. Wilson and King*, in which the Lord's Day Observance Society sued, under the Act of 1781, the defendants, who represented the Leeds Sunday Lecture Society, on account of certain lectures given on Sunday evenings in the Coliseum at Leeds, to which the public were admitted on payment. It was proved that the lectures were partly of a humorous character (one was by Max O'Rell on British and Irish Characteristics), and on that ground, as providing entertainment and amusement, the Court decided that they came within the prohibitions of the Act. Although the actions failed on the ground that the defendants were not the persons to whom the Act had attached penalties, the principle at issue was decided in favour of the plaintiffs, and both Mr. Justice Matthew and the jury before whom the actions were tried expressed opinions adverse to the maintenance of the Act in its existing form. In the course of his summing up Mr. Justice Matthew thus expressed himself: "Probably the most sensible view of this particular proceeding is to treat it as a step in the agitation which has been so long going on to procure the repeal of this and similar statutes and to call the attention of the Legislature to the existence of this Act of Parliament and to its effect in interfering with what would appear to be the perfect legiti-

mate amusements of the public." The case of *Reid v. Wilson* afterwards came before the Court of Appeal, when the plaintiffs were again unsuccessful, the Court showing that they certainly did not approve of the policy of the Act of 1781. "For all we know," observed Lord Justice Lopes in the course of his judgment, "instead of the Society producing something amusing and entertaining, they might have produced something as dull as possible, and in such a case Wilson clearly could not have been liable." The result of this expression of judicial opinion was that, early in 1895, a select Committee of the House of Lords was appointed to consider what amendments it might be expedient to make in the Lord's Day Act of 1781. Viscount Cross was the Chairman and the Lord Chancellor (Lord Halsbury), the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, Lord Hobhouse and five other peers were members of the committee. A great number of witnesses were examined, including leading representatives of the Sunday Societies, such as the National Sunday League, the Sunday Lecture Society, and the Tyneside Lecture Society; on the other side were called the secretaries of the Lord's Day Observance Society and of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association. In addition to these, eminent barristers, lecturers, actors and musicians, entertainers, and even a literary cab-driver (who had written a prize-essay on the roof of his Hansom) swelled the volume of evidence both for and against the repeal of the Act. On July 14th, 1896, the Committee presented their final report. "We believe," they said, "that the law now in force is (apart from its phraseology) in general harmony with the sentiments and wishes of the English people. We believe that it is, and further that the good which might

sometimes result from giving increased facilities for lectures and music on Sundays would be more than counter-balanced by the increase of paid, and practically involuntary, Sunday labour, and by the encouragement given to make pecuniary profit under the guise of entertainments for 'the public good.'"

For upwards of two centuries, therefore, the united wisdom of the nation has been occupied in settling this

grave question; and it still remains unsettled. The law as to Sunday Observance cannot even now be considered to rest on a sure foundation. To give one instance only, it is still doubtful whether the Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall, where music of an elevating, though may be of a secular, character is performed, do not come within the prohibition contained in the Lord's Day Act of 1781.



# NELL: A BIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT.

SHE was a mongrel, an unmitigated mongrel, I was about to write, but am restrained by the recollection that she was one quarter good fox-terrier. You would not have thought it to look at her. Except for her tail (which her owner had considerably docked in infancy, to impart as much as he could of a false air of breeding), she might have been the veriest *garu*, or native cur, who sneaked hungrily about the empty porridge-pots in a Mang'anja village.

I am not sufficiently expert in the technicalities of canine phraseology to describe Nell's appearance correctly. All I know is, that she was white, with two liver-coloured patches on her head and face, and that she had enormous flapping ears which generally stood erect. I have known her scared almost into fits (and well she might be) by the shadow of these same ears projected on the wall by my bedroom candle. As for her moral character, it may be summed up in a sentence; she had a warm heart, no conscience, not a particle of courage, and not the remotest vestige of manners.

Her first owner was an English coffee-planter, developing the resources of the Dark Continent in a retired spot, where, except for the Angoni, he might almost as well have been Robinson Crusoe. Fortunately for himself, he had a taste for reading, a great love of animals, and the knack of making friends with the natives. When he moved about out of doors, he usually appeared encompassed with a cloud of dogs; and when he visited his cattle kraal, his two gray monkeys would swing themselves down from

the great wild fig-tree in whose branches they had fixed their abode, and swarm up him to take sweet potatoes out of his pockets.

Jones and I were trying British Central Africa together. I will not enter into details (this being not our biography, but Nell's,) further than to say that our place was a few miles away from that of the aforesaid planter, whom I will call, as did his Angoni neighbours, Chimfuti, or the Big Gun. Jones had a black-and-white fox-terrier called Nix, a most jolly little dog. Except for the ticks taking their share of him, the climate agreed with him wonderfully well, and he never lost the keen edge of his sporting instincts. But then Jones used to talk to him, and make a companion of him; and there were always plenty of rats, so that he did not get bored, and Jones slept of nights without finding the brutes rioting over him as he lay in bed.

I had no dog, and Chimfuti offered me Nell. She was, I suppose, seven or eight months old, and as unspeakably foolish as only a half-grown puppy can be. I received her with effusive gratitude, because, just then, I was in a mood to welcome any sort of a dog; and, besides, I was full of grand theories about the influence of kindness and judicious training on the lowest mongrel in creation. If the average *garu* was a sorry spectacle, it was only because he was starved and bullied. Treat him kindly, feed him decently, let him see that you cared for him personally, and valued his friendship, and you would in time have a faithful dependant, who, given the opportunity, would be quite ready

to emulate the classic example of Gelert or the hound Argus. I used to say all this to Jones sometimes, as we sat on the verandah smoking after dinner, and watched the sun setting behind the three peaks of Mvai; but he would only give a little laugh and make no further comment.

The subject is a painful one. Suffice it to say that I was compelled to modify my opinions before I had done. Not that she was anything but affectionate, in a way; she would have been warmly attached, I think, to any one who fed her regularly, and I always did this myself. But it is not pleasant to have your dog flinging its whole bulk upon you, and copiously licking your face every time you take your ease in a basket-chair. And she was not one who took hints readily. The only way to smoke or read in peace was either to shut her out or tie her up. If the former, she invariably bounced back through a window, for it was impossible to keep the house hermetically sealed in that climate; if the latter, she wailed dismally, till Jones said he could not and would not bear it, and asked me why I did not bring her up better.

Then she took to sleeping on my bed, by day or night and totally regardless of previous occupancy. It was a narrow folding stretcher, with scarcely room for more than one; consequently, it often happened that I awoke in the night, and found myself balanced on the outer verge, with Nell curled up in the middle of the mattress against the small of my back. Or I would find her lying on my feet, and she was no light weight; and, as for kicking her off, it was next door to an impossibility. She would lie perfectly still, an inert but elastic mass, so that your feet, when you assayed to kick, just slid under her and left her where she was. There was nothing for it but to get up and

haul her down, and tie her up, and go to sleep as best one could, in spite of her yelping and yowling, only too thankful if she did not awaken Nix, and cause Jones to shout from his chamber: "Why can't you keep that brute-beast of yours quiet?"

But Nell,—Jones thought I was not strict enough with her (Nix, of course, being a model of correct nurture), so I took to thrashing her whenever I caught her on my bed in the daytime. I kept a *bango* cane handy in the corner of the room; she made a great noise when it was applied, but I don't know that it hurt her much. For a bango, let me tell you, is by no means the same thing as a bamboo, and, if not carefully selected, is apt to fly to pieces in the hand when vigorously used. However, between that and the tying-up at night, she began to realise that the bed was a forbidden place; and this is where her abominable lack of conscience comes in.

She learned to retire of her own accord to the basket appointed for her, and to stay there without compulsion till I was asleep, when she would quietly get up, and edge me out of bed as before described. Also she would sleep on that bed in the day-time, whenever she got the chance. If I came in, and said, sharply, "Nell!" she would jump down in a tremendous hurry, only to slip back the moment I was out of sight. I should have respected her more if there had been more method and capability in her transgressions; but she was so inanely short-sighted. She would barely give me time to get out of the room before repeating the offence.

We had been warned always to keep our dogs indoors at night, in view of the risks so graphically indicated by that worthy Scot who, being one of a cheerful party in a

lamp-lit and curtained room at the Mission, heard a scuffle and howl on the verandah, followed by an ominous stillness, and solemnly remarked: "Man, the dowg's awa' wi' a leopard!" Is it not recorded in the traditions of British Central Africa? But I am bound to say that no special precautions were needed in Nell's case. Nothing would induce her to put her nose outside the door after dark, if she knew it.

Perhaps it was another evidence of a nervous temperament that she had a cat-like horror of water, which, indeed, suggested a more efficacious chastisement than the cane. Before long she would fly in terror at the mere sight of a jug. She used to wash her face with her fore-paws, too, which I never saw any other dog doing. It may be the case that native dogs are partly descended from cats; the ancients told us we were always to expect something new from Africa.

But, alas, there were yet other sins which called aloud for the intervention of the cane and the water-jug. There would be a sound of tumult outside, causing us to issue forth and confront the spectacle of half-a-dozen small boys in shirts and calico kilts, the foremost whereof, with the air of an Accusing Angel, was dragging the offending Nell along by the collar. "*Garu wako a na ba!*" said he. "Thy dog has been stealing!" The grammar tells us that it is more respectful to say, "*garu wanu* (your dog)"; whence I conclude that either the little wretches did not know their own language so well as the missionary who wrote the said grammar, or they thought no respect could be due to the owner of a dog like that. Of course I had to thrash her, and compensate the boy whose fowl or porridge she had stolen, and who commonly held out a rescued leg of the *corpus delicti*, or the plate which had con-

tained it, in front of her nose while she was undergoing punishment. She made noise enough for half-a-dozen dogs when this sort of thing happened; and thus, possibly, escaped a good deal.

Sometimes, too, our *capitão*, an educated boy from the Mission, came up to report that he had suffered loss, of his dinner, or of eggs from under a sitting hen in his private apartment, or what not. There was a sternness in Zedekiah's eye on these occasions, and a lofty disapproval in his manner, which were not easy to face; and Jones, who could pulverise Zedekiah with a look when he liked, never would help me out, but sat by, smoking with stony impassiveness. It always made me sensible that the contempt Jones habitually felt for Nell, which he never took any pains to disguise, was now being extended to me. And you have no idea to what an abject being that consciousness reduced me.

One comfort was that Nyell, as the boys usually called her, was not sporting enough to worry live fowls, or Jones would certainly have insisted on a halter for her straightway. Nix did, occasionally,—but we are not treating of Nix just now. Once, when I was at Pembereka's kraal, negotiating for supplies of maize flour and beans, Nell made my heart leap into my mouth by slaying a diminutive and very skinny chicken. But old Pembereka was not Zedekiah, and he accepted my apologies most good-naturedly. And I really think that was Nell's solitary exploit in the way of slaughter.

While on the subject of sport, I must not omit to mention the sole occasion on which Nell earned for herself unalloyed praise. It was rather a mysterious occurrence, and I don't quite know, even yet, how to explain it. I used to collect beetles,

in a helpless, amateur sort of way, to the derision of Jones and the contemptuous wonder of the various small boys who served us. These last, however, speedily learned that something might be gained by bringing me specimens; consequently every creeping thing they set eyes on was pounced upon with triumphant shouts of *balasuko!*—which, I believe, means a bottle, and referred, of course, not to the captive, but to the lethal receptacle awaiting him. Well, one day, being busy in the garden, I was startled by a shout from Jones: "I say, Duffield, Nell's brought you a *balasuko!*" I hastened indoors, and found Jones nearly doubled up with laughing, and Nell, seated in the middle of the matting, with both fore-paws stretched out in front of her, looking up at him with wondering and slightly reproachful eyes. Between her paws she held, alive and uninjured, an immense beetle. I don't know his scientific name, or indeed, any name at all for him, but he was long and flat and brown and had terrific jaws, and I was very glad to add him to my collection. Nell looked as pleased as Punch when I took him from her; and when I patted her and called her "good dog," she jumped all over me and nearly knocked me down. As for what made her do it—well, I give it up! Jones says she had been watching the boys, and thought she had found a way to please me. If that was not her reason, nobody will ever find out what was. And now, concerning Nell's early career at Nziza, let this much suffice.

Now it came to pass, in course of time, that the climate did not agree with me, and I was forced to dissolve partnership with Jones, to my great regret. Whether it was equally to his, I do not know.

I could not take Nell out of the country with me, and Jones would

not have her at a gift. He said, moreover, that if she stayed about the place, she would probably meet with an accident of some sort; and I think he mentioned strychnine.

"As for *that* thing," said Chimfuti one day when we were discussing the question of dogs, "if you'll take her with you and drown her in the first stream you come to, you'll be doing every one a service." So, clearly, Chimfuti did not want her.

Just as I had everything ready to start at peep of dawn next morning,—the loads accurately packed and fastened, and the carriers seated round their fires, making popcorn in the lids of old biscuit-tins, and passing the big pipes from hand to hand—there arrived an unexpected wayfarer, Mac, of the Caledonian Mission, which has its headquarters at Mangasanja.

Now I had to go to Mangasanja on my way down country, and Mac was likewise bound thither. And after that, he said, he was going to take charge of a new station they were building in the Chingomanji mountains; and he would be all alone there, and he had no dog. This he said, having heard some mention of Nell. I offered her at once. Mac accepted, and while I went to fetch her, Jones, assuming a doleful expression of countenance, delivered an extempore and exhaustive character-sketch of the most scathing description. Mac, however, was impervious to his warnings. He said the dog was young, and needed good training (Mac was great on education in all its branches), and he meant to be kind but firm. With that, she was handed over to him, and we started next day. Jones and Nix walked with us to the end of the hoed road; and the parting words shouted after us by the former were to the effect that he advised Mac, as a friend, to put an end to that brute before she got him into trouble.

Nothing particular happened on the road. She howled dismally at the ford of the Kapeni, and ran up and down the bank like one distraught, fearing she was to be left behind. One of the boys, with a judicious shove, sent her into the water; and, after the first indignant outcry, she struck out bravely and reached the other side in safety. After that, she trotted along gaily enough, and, though pretty tired by the time we reached Mangasanja Mission, she had done the whole march on her own feet.

They were very kind and hospitable people at the Mission; and they asked me to stay there till a steamer should arrive to take me down the river. But they did not care about dogs. Therefore, I was glad that Mac, on arriving, led Nell away (by a string) to his own house, where he was just packing up to leave for Chingomanji. He told me that he meant to secure her carefully before coming up, as he had been bidden, to dine at the Manse in the evening.

The Doctor was an awful man (I speak subjectively, of course, meaning merely as he affected my unworthy self), with piercing gray eyes, and a bushy white beard. Every time he looked at me, I fancied he was detecting hidden heresies, and would presently drag them ruthlessly to light. I fancied, too (it may be quite baselessly), that his excellent wife regarded me as an incompetent Laodicean sort of person, as devoid of zeal for improving my fellow-creatures as I was of business capacity and the stamina necessary for succeeding in life. As I say, I may have been mistaken on this point; but it will be quite clear that I was by no means at my ease to begin with. And then,—

The soup had been removed, and the head table-boy was just setting down the roast fowl before the master

of the house (whose view of the French window was, by the by, obstructed by a tall vase of flowers in the middle of the table), when there was a crash of glass, a whirlwind of curtain, and something white bounded in from the verandah and made straight for me.

I tried to look unconscious, but felt myself burning with guilty blushes. Nell was clawing my legs to pieces, and whimpering with joy, on the side furthest from my hostess.

"What's that?" asked the Doctor, in his deepest bass.

"Heh!" (the inimitable African grunt). "Garu!" said the solemn-faced white-shirted boy, standing with the fowl suspended in mid-air.

Mrs. Doctor mounted her glasses and tried to see. I had succeeded in kicking Nell into limbo below the table, but she bounded out on the other side, between the skirts of two ladies, and began circling round the room in a frantic and noisy wardance.

"What dog is this? Alexander, do you know it?"

The Reverend Doctor bent his spectacles on the leaping and vociferating Nell, and questioned the boys in Mang'anja. The wretch with the roast fowl (having safely landed the same by this time) looked at me with a slight smile and a pitying superiority too lofty almost for contempt, and said "*Wa mzungu uja* (of that white man)."

Nell had come round again to me by this time, and was making violent efforts to leap all over me. I cannot tell you how covered I was with confusion; I was vainly striving to collect my wits and say something, anything, when I heard honest Mac's voice from the other end of the table. "Ah! you'll be juist ma dowg, Mistress Menzies. I tied him up in the verandy a while syne, but——"

Mrs. Menzies did not wait for the conclusion of the apology, but turned a majestic and freezing glance on me. "Why do the boys say it is your dog, Mr. Duffield?"

As I live I can't see that it was a hanging matter, whichever way you like to take it; but she made me feel like the worst of criminals. At the same time there flashed across the other side of my dual consciousness a grotesque temptation to reply, "Because the boys are not infallible."

"I,—yes,— she *was* mine," I stammered strickenly, bending over my plate. "I gave her to Mr Mac-lachlan."

"Oh, ay! Mr. Duffield tauld me he wasna wantin' the dowg the noo." Mac was always uncompromisingly Scotch,—sometimes, I think, in that painfully correct atmosphere, perversely so. "An' he gied her to me to tak' to Chingomanji."

I made a shamefaced offer to replace the broken window-pane (no trifling matter in those regions), but it was politely declined. It lay all the heavier on my conscience, and I privately resolved to contribute the amount to the offertory in church. In the meantime Nell was sent down to Mac's house in charge of a boy,—whom she bit.

After dinner we adjourned to the church for evening prayers. On the way thither, passing down to a group of white-robed figures in the dusk, I heard a voice say, in the soft, rich native accents: "That is the *Mzungu* whose dog has broken the window at *Che Doto'o's* house."

I could have turned and fled, but I was walking beside one of the ladies. She was engrossed in telling me about the moral effect of individual ownership in land, and evidently did not hear. A few yards further on we heard the tinkle of brass anklets, and came up with two or three girls, giggling,

and chatting as they loitered along, and once more I caught the fateful word *garu*. Them Miss Tomlinson admonished not to be so noisy, and to hasten on or they would be too late, and thereby unwittingly relieved my oppressed spirit. But throughout the service, I regret to say, I could not get rid of the consciousness that curious eyes were fixed on me; indeed I saw them whenever I looked up, and felt that the fame of my unlucky adventure must have spread throughout the Mission.

Mac left early next morning. I saw him off and said good-bye to Nell, who was being carried by his personal boy, one Manyua. I exhorted her to behave herself, and not bite Manyua, though knowing by sad experience how much effect I was likely to produce.

On the following morning I heard a violent scratching at my bedroom door. I sprang out of bed and opened it; there was Nell, splashed with mud and scratched with thorns, but vivacious and affectionate as ever. I groaned aloud. What was I to do with such a feckless, reckless, table-overthrowing, window-breaking brute, in a spotless, well-ordered house like this, with its scrupulously scrubbed floors and snowy-robed boys, and every climbing plant on the verandah trained to its right place by a quarter-inch? I threw on an overcoat and stole out guiltily; the sun was not yet up. I took her in my arms, holding her jaws with one hand, partly to silence her, partly to defeat her strenuous efforts at licking my face. I carried her down to Mac's deserted house and fastened her up in the back verandah, carefully testing the cord. Then I fetched her some water, and, discovering an early bird of a boy who looked good-natured, bribed him to feed her with maize-porridge so soon as his wife should have some ready,



and so slunk back undetected to my chamber.

Several things made me nervous that day. The doctor talked of strychnined meat to be put out at night. There had been hyenas at the hen-roost, and a leopard was suspected of having made away with one of the goats. Not having any dog or cat of their own they had no scruples about that kind of thing. And I was fond enough of Nell, spite of all that had come and gone, not to desire such a fate for her. I revolved the possibility of sending her after Mac, but found that no caravan was likely to leave for Chingomanji that week or the next. If I particularly wanted to send, I should have to engage at least twenty men, as it was just then supposed to be a dangerous road, and two or three could not be got to travel it alone. But if I had any commissions, said good Miss Tomlinson, why had I not sent yesterday, when Mr. Maclachlan went? Why, indeed?

On the top of this came the news that my steamer had arrived, and that I should have to start early next morning if I wanted to catch her. I could not take Nell, and I could not leave her. What was to be done?

Then Providence intervened, in the shape of a visitor from the American mission on the other side of the hills. He was a queer but very amiable little man, who wore huge round spectacles, flannels, and a pith-helmet, and he had one great charm for me. He was

just mourning the loss of his only dog, and his abode was overrun with rats. He became almost tearful as he described how they woke him up at night by gnawing his toes.

I made my offer at once. A letter of explanation would put matters right with Mac; he had not had time to get fondly attached to Nell, and could beg, buy, or adopt a dog as good as she, and better, any day and anywhere. So while I was on my way to the river, Nell left Mangasanja in tow of the American evangelist.

I have since received a letter from that good man, in which he gives Nell the highest character. They have changed her name to Lady,—a most amazing misnomer, I should have thought. She never steals, is a splendid ratter, and the children are devoted to her and she to them. She must have undergone some phenomenal transformation, unless the American Mission's standard of conduct, honour, and delicacy in dogs is something very different from mine.

There she remains, for aught I know, to this day, and I wish them joy of her and her reformation, whether brought about by means of the Elmira system or otherwise. And for myself, I am quite resigned by this time to the notion of surviving in Mangasanja tradition (if any memory of me yet remains there), as "the man who brought that awful dog to the Manse"; and in artless and still affectionately-remembered Nziza, as "the *Mwini* (master) of Nyell."

## A BRITISH PRISONER IN AMERICA.

IN a former paper in this Magazine,<sup>1</sup> I dealt with Captain Anburey's experiences as an officer of Burgoyne's army in that unfortunate campaign which ended in the surrender to Gates at Saratoga. The British army, it may be remembered, though surrounded by overwhelming odds, without provisions, without hope of succour, in an unfamiliar forest wilderness, refused even then the unconditional surrender that Gates seemed justified in demanding. The American general, however, from mixed motives of generosity and policy reconsidered the position, and a convention was entered into by which the twenty-five hundred British, and the two thousand Hessian prisoners, were to be sent forthwith to England, on condition of serving no more in the war against America. The convention was broken, under pretexts that savoured more of casuistry than good faith, by Congress, who refused to endorse their general's word of honour; and instead of sailing home from Rhode Island, as agreed, the unfortunate soldiers remained prisoners of war in America for over three years.

The sojourn of so large a number of British troops for so long a time as prisoners in America is a little incident in our military history that has practically escaped notice. It would not be fair to criticise an impoverished country under an inexperienced and extemporised government in the matter of its treatment of prisoners of war, as one would criticise England or France in like

circumstances and at the same period. The question of food and shelter for so large a body presented difficulties with which any thoughtful person could sympathise. But unhappily it is placed beyond all doubt that Burgoyne's captive army, after being, as they considered, treacherously detained, were subjected to the most ungenerous and vindictive treatment; and this, in the case of brave soldiers whose position made retaliation impossible, is surely of all things the most pitiful.

Anburey's letters to his friends in England, which were continued from the time of his surrender in November, 1777, till his ultimate release in February, 1781, are not only lucid and well-written but are most conspicuously fair and impartial for a man so circumstanced, and most essentially the letters of a gentleman in the best sense of the word. He naturally prophesies that the Americans would repent their independence, should they achieve it, as indeed we know a great many of them for a time did. But in none of these letters, even when suffering from broken faith and bad treatment, is there anything of the arrogant assumption of the Englishman over the colonist, or of the regular officer over the volunteer, which was by no means uncommon at that period. On the contrary, there is a genuine admiration of every gallant deed performed by the Americans, and an entire absence of any desire to discount their bravery or to sneer at their leaders. Every act of kindness or hospitality shown to the young officer he acknowledges with gratitude, and without spoiling it by any pointless

<sup>1</sup> November, 1896.

comparisons between the civilisation of an old country and that of a new. He describes farming with as much zest as fighting, and enters with as great interest into the natural history of the country as he does into the manners and customs of the people.

Great indeed was the excitement throughout the country villages of New England as the captured British army went trailing eastwards from Saratoga over the green mountains of Vermont. "So, you old fool, you have come out to see the lions," was the not very polite remark of a brother officer of Anburey's to an old witch who was craning her withered neck forward among the bystanders. "Lions, indeed," said the quick-witted old dame. "Methinks you look more like lambs."

The graceless, irrepressible curiosity of the Yankee lower class has of course been the theme of every stranger, European and American, who ever moved among them. In those days a traveller could hardly get his horse taken at an inn, or his supper prepared, till he had answered an endless string of questions. A cheery Virginian colonel, whom Anburey met in Cambridge, said that he had an invaluable formula which he always used when he rode up to an inn or a farmhouse: "Worthy people," he would say, "I am Mr. —, of Virginia, by trade a tobacco-planter, and a bachelor, I have some friends at Boston whom I am going to visit; my stay will be short, when I shall return and follow my business as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself and all I can possibly tell you. I have no news; and now, having told you everything, have compassion upon me and my horse and give us some refreshment." On one occasion during this depressing march to Boston, Lord Napier happened to be quartered for the night in the same house as

Anburey. The inhabitants of the village clustered round the door, wondering which might be "the lord." At last four women, by dint of coaxing the landlord, thrust their way into the room and "with the twang peculiar to New England" said, "I hear you have a lord among you, pray now which might he be!" One Kemmis of the 9th regiment, evidently a wag in his way, assumed a dramatic attitude, and pointing to Lord Napier, who was covered from head to foot with mud, and wet to the skin, reeled off all his various titles with many fanciful decorations and additions. "Wall, wall!" said the spokeswoman of the deputation lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven. "For my part, if that be a lord I never wish to see another but the Lord Jehovah." Another amusing reminiscence is told of this march. The brigadier who commanded their escort was named Brickett, a sociable individual who greatly affected the company and conversation of the British officers. One of the latter, who was on foot, happened to remark cursorily to the brigadier that he wished he had a decent pair of boots in which to face the muddy roads. To the astonishment of the speaker Brickett promptly offered to sell him his own, and asked what he would give for them. The officer, partly no doubt in jest, answered that he would give a gold guinea (gold was then getting woefully scarce), whereat the American jumped off his horse in a twinkling, pulled off his boots and produced some mocassins from his pocket as a substitute. The officer, protesting there was no such urgent hurry as all that, the exchange was deferred till they arrived in camp, when the brigadier lost no time in coming round with the boots to the Englishman's tent, and the bargain was ratified. The British guinea

was now worth nine paper dollars, or double its par value; before Anburey was released it had risen to be worth a hundred! The country people were incredibly short of everything at this time, owing to the war; yet our author bears strong testimony to the cheerfulness with which they bore their privations, and the unanimity with which they turned out to fight for independence. He was struck, moreover, with the immense power of the ministers. They seemed to use every endeavour to make it a religious war, and practised the casuistry of very Jesuits. One preacher Anburey himself heard, in the course of a harangue to his flock, tell them that the struggle was for religious liberty, and that with defeat Roman Catholicism would be forced upon the country. He also declared, did this amazing person, that he had been privately visited by the Supreme Being, who had assured him that only those who risked their lives in so righteous a cause would be accepted in Heaven.

The barracks at Cambridge, which were the immediate destination of the British troops, proved to be in a shocking condition. It was now close upon Christmas and no fuel had been prepared, so the soldiers had no choice but to cut the rafters down in order to keep themselves alive. Six officers were quartered in a room twelve feet square, nor till Burgoyne had made the most urgent representations were they allowed to hire rooms in the neighbourhood. Finally they were granted a parole over ten miles, the city of Boston being rigorously excluded. The captives remained in the neighbourhood of Boston for just a year; but a very few weeks of this had passed before they learned that Gates's terms had been repudiated by Congress, and that, instead of sailing for England,

they were prisoners indefinitely. This year was one of continual irritation. The cream of the local troops were away on active service, and the Jack-in-office was everywhere, most unhappily, to the front. The common folk of New England, with all their virtues, could scarcely prove otherwise than trying to another people brought into close contact with them in such delicate circumstances as these. The atmosphere of Massachusetts in 1777, to a stranger, and particularly to those born in a free country like England, must have been most depressing. The officers on parole were abused by the local authorities for walking about on Sunday mornings, though the Episcopal churches had all been dismantled by the Congregationalists and their pastors driven away. But these were trifles. The gentry seem to have had friendly and hospitable inclinations, but were much checked by the terror of public opinion, to which the gentry of Virginia, as we shall see, rose superior. As for the populace, they seem to have done everything in their power to irritate and insult brave soldiers, whom the fortune of war had thrown upon their hospitality, and broken faith had kept there.

It was probably the scum of the Massachusetts regiments that was doing garrison duty around Boston. Let us at any rate hope so, for Anburey says that it was not only the rank and file who took up this ungenerous attitude. The officers themselves were frequent offenders; though it must in justice be remembered that the officers of New England regiments were more often than not of the same class as their men; and in the ranks of their militia corps men of sixty, we are told, and boys of fourteen rubbed shoulders in strange medley. It was in connection with the sentry duty around the

barracks where the British, under certain restrictions, were confined, that the chief trouble seems to have occurred. It was so very easy for malevolent and undisciplined rustics to shoot a poor private, "who looked sulky," under the pretence of his having overstepped the bounds, and the more so, since their commanding officer had publicly declared that he himself would blow any such offender's brains out in a moment. One young scamp of fourteen shot dead a most promising and popular officer, as he was driving two ladies out of barracks, the horses having become momentarily unmanageable. The boy was not only acquitted, but officially complimented for doing his duty. Several men were shot on trivial pretexts. One old ruffian of sixty fired at the wife of a soldier, but fortunately missed his aim. The woman ("a true old campaigner" Anburey calls her) was upon him in an instant, wrenched the rifle from his hands, and flinging him on the ground held him there in durance vile till rescued by his fellow sentries. The great disturber, however, of all peace and goodwill was the colonel commanding the American troops in Cambridge, a most outrageous person of the name of Henley. According to him a sulky look deserved death, and if he were a sentinel, he informed the public with many oaths, he would thus treat any unfortunate Britisher who failed to look cheerful and grateful in these depressing circumstances. He was a pretty example to the undisciplined boors who served under him. Upon one occasion this precious colonel was inspecting some British prisoners under arrest among whom was a corporal of the 9th regiment who had been detained for insolence to a provincial officer. The corporal truly declared that he was in liquor at the time and did not know the gentleman was an officer (which may well have

been), and that he was ready to ask his pardon. Henley, in language that is not easy to reconcile with such a godly region, called him a scamp, and swore that, had he been there, he would have run him through with his own hand. The corporal, however, had the imprudence to reply that he was no scamp, but a good soldier, as his officers would testify, who had fought for his king and his country and hoped to do so again. For answer Henley ordered the guard to run the prisoner through the body, and as the men hesitated the ferocious ruffian leaped from his horse, seized a musket with fixed bayonet, and rushed upon the unarmed corporal, who luckily, through the interference of his companions, escaped with only a slight wound. Soon afterwards this same Henley bent his sword on the ribs of a British soldier who would not walk fast enough to please his highness. For some time the tension was so great that a general massacre was thought quite possible by Anburey and many others.

The following charge, solemnly and officially preferred, by a gentleman and a man of honour, like Burgoyne, more than confirms Anburey's account of Henley. Burgoyne demanded that the colonel should be tried by court-martial "for behaviour, criminal as an officer and unbecoming a man, and of the most indecent, violent and vindictive severity against unarmed men, and of intentional murder." A court-martial was after a long delay conceded, and the trial was a nine days' wonder. General Burgoyne prosecuted in person, and in a manly, eloquent, and even noble speech, which Anburey has preserved for us, reviewed the whole situation. As the Judge Advocate, however, was not only a personal friend of Henley, but boasted of being so, the sworn evidence of a number of British officers of rank was

brushed aside, and that of a parcel of boys in their teens, who repeated with ludicrously faithful, yet halting accuracy, the lesson assigned them, was accepted by judge and jury. The whole thing was a farce, and the result was of course an acquittal. The higher military authorities, however, promptly showed their view of the affair by superseding this backwoods swash-buckler in his command, and peace thenceforth reigned upon the scene.

The New England States had now come to the conclusion, and justly so, that as they had so far borne the chief burden of the war, and had in addition maintained the captive British army for a year, it was high time that some of the other provinces should bear their share of the burden. The equity of this was readily acceded to by Congress, and Virginia, as presumably rich in food supply, and certainly remote from the scene of war, was selected. The spot chosen for the new camp was near the little town of Charlottesville, at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, and in what was then one of the back counties of the State. Anburey and his friends, who had now resigned themselves to indefinite captivity, were only too delighted to escape from New England. They were anxious also to see the famous Southern province of which they had heard such good report, and to be among a people whose "politeness and liberality of sentiment" had always been so much spoken of.

They had a march before them of six hundred miles and moved in two brigades. Their route, for obvious reasons, lay through the back of the Jerseys, so that they missed seeing the typical parts of a province that was even then noted for thrift and good husbandry. The most conspicuous object in this region was a large prison, where great numbers of unfortunate Tories from the surrounding

country were confined. The Jerseys, at one time strongly loyalist, had been greatly alienated by the indiscriminate plundering of the British troops, who pursued Washington on his memorable retreat of the previous year. While the British, however, only carried off stock and eatables, the Hessians rifled the houses of their contents. A loyalist innkeeper told Anburey that he had actually seen one of these industrious depredators carry an old clock out of an empty house and march with it under his arm towards New York, twenty miles away. The thrift and prosperity of Pennsylvania, even in those early days, seems to have greatly impressed the English. The highway, says our author, was lined with farmhouses, mostly of stone and two stories high, and surrounded by well-tilled fields. The barns were then, as now among farmers of Dutch or German extraction, still better relatively than the houses. The great industry of the people, and the scarcity of negroes, which were then numerous even in New England, was a matter of continual comment. Never, thinks Anburey, was there such a country for cider, while the roads were marked by milestones, a point of civilisation not even now reached by any of the Southern States. They crossed the Schuylkill on the bridge built by Washington for his retreat, and camped in the very huts at Valley Forge, where three thousand Americans had been allowed to shiver and starve unmolested through the preceding winter, while Howe danced the hours away in Philadelphia close by as if all unconscious that he held Washington in the hollow of his hand. It is not surprising that, while marching through the thriving German and Scotch-Irish settlements of Pennsylvania, numbers of the German soldiers seeing the comfort in which their



countrymen were living, took so favourable an opportunity for deserting. When one considers the fashion in which, according to Anburey, who had served with them for years, they had been enlisted, this becomes still less remarkable. On application being made to the Prince of Hesse for these troops, it seems that he caused the churches in his dominions to be surrounded during service, and every man who had been a soldier to be carried off. For officers, this petty Mogul made a raid on the half-pay list, compelling all these veterans to serve on pain of forfeiting their pensions. It is not to be wondered at that, in a campaign which entailed great privation and endurance, these middle-aged and elderly Hessians often failed in nerve and dash at a moment when both were needed. "What could be expected," said Anburey, "of regiments consisting of veterans who had served with credit in their youth, and returned, as they imagined, to enjoy some comforts in their decline of life?" We are asked to picture to ourselves ensigns of forty or fifty years commanding troops not much younger, and to judge how fit were such men for an active and vigorous campaign in the thick woods of America. Many too of the English soldiers deserted, among them Anburey's servant, who carried off his master's horse, port-manteau, and everything belonging to that unfortunate officer that he could lay hands upon. Financial difficulties pressed heavily upon the officers of the captive army. The continental money they had purchased decreased rapidly in value; while to add to their troubles, each State they passed through held in contempt the paper issue of its neighbour. They had now, however, reached Maryland, and Anburey experienced for the first time the considerate hospitality of the Southern gentry, who though ardent

patriots, were wholly devoid of the petty spite which had made the Englishmen's lives so miserable in the Northern provinces. Their host near Frederickton, "a town wholly built of stone and presenting a noble appearance," was a gentleman and a man of the world. Though he held high rank in the American army, he gave up his usual Christmas holiday in order to entertain these chance guests whom misfortune had thrown upon him, and this he did, we are told, "in true English fashion, not even forgetting the plum-pudding."

In January the army crossed the Potomac into Virginia amid considerable dangers, the river being swollen with snow and laden with moving ice. But Virginia, the land of promise, proved a sore disappointment. It was the dreariest season of the year, and these four thousand odd hapless wanderers found themselves floundering knee-deep in the mire of roads rotten with melting frosts and powdered by driving snowstorms. It was a country whose scattered inhabitants were individually comfortable, but was conspicuously deficient, as in a measure it still is, in matters pertaining to the convenience of the public at large. When the prisoners arrived at Charlottesville, wet and cold and encrusted with mud, says our author, no pen can describe their discomfort.

Charlottesville is now a University town, one of the prettiest and pleasantest spots in Virginia; then it was a backwoods village of twenty or thirty houses, surrounded by forests thinly sprinkled with plantations. Here the soldiers suffered privations far beyond any they had endured in New England. One can only wonder that the American authorities could have supposed it possible that a mere handful of a proverbially unbusiness-like people could have been equal to the task of feeding and housing four

thousand hungry Europeans. The origin of the scheme is simple enough. When Congress was somewhat perplexed where to send their prisoners, yet favourably inclining to the back counties of Virginia, a certain excellent Major Jones, representative of that district, up and spoke. He had an uncleared tract of land near Charlottesville, he said, and he would undertake to erect huts and generally provide for the British army, upon conditions that matter nothing here. The astute major, however, saw far beyond a mere contract. He pictured to himself, and pictured rightly, his tract of almost valueless forest becoming, under the exigencies of so vast a host, an immense farm cleared and ready for the plough. Congress readily closed with his offer; but the major's public duties unhappily prevented his remaining in Virginia to superintend the formidable work thus lightly undertaken. It was therefore deputed to a brother, a local planter, who with the cheery optimism of this province undertook the whole business, the extent of which he had probably never attempted to realise. Time was never of much account in Virginia, and this no doubt worthy and well-meaning farmer had scarcely roused himself to the beginning of his work when the British host descended upon him. Instead of a camp and several hundred huts, with a store of provisions, they found only a few shanties, roofless and choked with snow, standing forlorn in the thick woods. For ten days there was nothing to eat but Indian corn, and nothing to drink but peach-brandy, the vilest of all spirits when new. In these desperate straits many of the officers drank heavily of this fiery liquor, and a terrible crop of duels was the result; "the inhabitants," says Anburey, "must have thought us a set of madmen." Matters however gradually improved; provisions of a

sort came in; huts by degrees were erected and land cleared. The militia, who formed the guard, seem to have behaved well, and the British officers, save a few who were required in camp, were given a parole extending over a hundred miles. Many of them took up their abode in the neighbourhood of the camp, renting the houses of local planters who in this part of the State were mostly of the secondary order. Among the upper and middle classes of Virginia little of the vindictive spirit of the Northern provinces was shown towards the prisoners, while the lower were such savages that their quarrelsome attitude is hardly worth noting. Anburey, with two or three others, occupied a house crowning the top of a high hill, with the Blue Ridge rising majestically on the one hand, and over forty miles of rolling forest, broken at long intervals by plantations, spread beneath him upon the other. The scattered plantations of those days seemed to Anburey, as to other contemporary writers, like small villages, with their painted wooden houses surrounded by rows of barns and negro cabins, and gay in spring with the bloom of orchards.

The best people of Virginia, however, had in those days to be sought for a long way eastward of the Blue Ridge. It was to the older country about Richmond, just within their parole, to which the British officers, when possible, turned their horses' heads. Here, among the old families of the colony, though foremost in the American cause, they found something more than a benevolent neutrality, and Anburey writes with genuine warmth of the true kindness and hospitality which they met with on all sides. Before going into the lower counties, however, he gives us a picture of the daily life of the planter and slave-owner, on whose place he was living, which is not an elevating one.

Even this man, with a few hundred acres and a few slaves, had his overseer and would have thought it beneath him to personally superintend his small estate. We are familiar of course with the haply modified type that the war of 1861 broke up, but it is interesting to hear an eye-witness speak of the same breed nearly a century earlier. This particular man, it seems, used to rise at eight, drink a julep of rum and sugar, and then, mounting his horse, ride round his plantation. At ten he took his breakfast, consisting of cold meat, hominy, and cider, the women only drinking tea or coffee. He then, "saunters about the house, sometimes amusing himself with the little negroes playing about the door, sometimes scraping on a violin." At twelve he drank toddy, peach brandy probably, to give him an appetite for his dinner at two. After this he usually went to bed till five, when he drank tea with his wife and then set to work again at his toddy till bedtime, "never drunk but always under the influence of stimulants." He only left home once a month on court-day (how familiar even now this sounds!); but there he used to get so invariably and egregiously drunk that his wife used generally to send a couple of negroes to bring him home.

In these early days one of the evils of slavery was graphically shown in the imposition of idleness and leisure on a class who could only use them as a peasant would, and who in other countries would have been engaged in some hard and healthy work. With that still greater curse of slavery, the intercourse of planters with their female slaves, Anburey came also in frequent contact. The British officers of those days cannot be accused of being squeamish in such matters, but the numerous instances they saw of two families, of different colours, living side by side, shocked even them. The

planter's wife, a virtuous and often quite a superior woman, regarding with apparent complacency the dusky counterparts of her own children moving about the house and fields as slaves was in truth a ghastly picture. But amongst the highest class of colonial Virginia this preposterous state of things, I think, was very rare, and of this pleasing society Anburey was now to see a great deal. He describes his ride of a hundred miles to Richmond through the tall graceful forests of Virginia, broken at long intervals by the patriarchal and self-contained plantations. His spaniel chases the wild turkeys that now and then cross the red leaf-strewn road, which, in its tortuous windings and cross tracts, makes our travellers to despair of finding their way. He tells of the phraseology used by the countrymen, who in endeavouring to guide his steps but puzzled him the more; and the old expressions have a strangely familiar ring to ears that knew them, not a hundred and twenty but, much less than twenty years ago. The inns, or ordinaries, as they were called, were the object of all old writers' execrations. Whenever a planter heard of a respectable stranger being benighted at one, he invariably sent a negro to bring the unhappy wayfarer to his own house. But the travellers, as soon as they reached the banks of the lower James, found themselves at once in comfort. They were entertained by Colonel Carey of Warwick, by the Goodes of Chesterfield, the Carters of Shirley, the Byrds and Bollings and others bearing names famous in the annals of Virginia. From these hospitable and pleasant circles, politically hostile though they were, the English officers found it almost impossible to get away, even when duty called them. Anburey writes of the embarrassment which oppressed him at the thought that he would probably

never have a chance of requiting kindness which in the circumstances seems to him so overwhelming. The Randolphs, being a great clan in Virginia, were distinguished by the names of their estates. The house at Tuckahoe, looking down from a high hill over the broad reaches of the James, is described at some length as a type of the bigger mansions of the old Colonial days. It was built in two wings connected by a large saloon hung with chandeliers and set round with sofas, which formed a reception-room in the summer or a ball-room when required in winter. One wing was reserved for the family, the other for guests, a custom maintained till Virginian society was destroyed by the abolition of slavery, and in each wing were eight large rooms. Colonel Randolph, like most of his neighbours, kept, besides carriage and saddle horses, a capital racing stud. The table was excellent, though no wine was ever used, in this or any other house. The utmost consideration was shown for the feelings of the captive officers. A little playful banter from the ladies was given and taken in good part, but politics were never mentioned. Miss Randolph was at this time, however, in great distress. Her father was accustomed to give her two hogsheads of tobacco yearly for pocket money, which she shipped to England, receiving back from the family commission-merchant those various articles of fashion in which the female soul delights; but alas, the vessel containing the precious freight had been captured by a British cruiser, and great were the lamentations thereat. At Westover, a historic house of the time of Queen Anne which still looks down over the James, Anburey visited the widow of the celebrated and merry old Virginian, Colonel Byrd, whose fondness for play and society, both at home and in London, had left but this one

out of many estates. Paintings of famous Englishmen hung, and still hang, on the wainscoted walls of Westover. The owner had been a cosmopolitan, a wit, and a man of taste, and he had also stood by Washington and Braddock on the fatal field of Monongahela. But Mr. Carter of Shirley was of all others the greatest magnate of that period. On one of his numerous estates stood the mansion of Blenheim built soon after Marlborough's great victory; and here was quartered, and shortly afterwards died, General Phillips who commanded the captive army. Mr. Carter was the greatest slave-owner of his day, owning fifteen hundred negroes. Yet there were not wanting certain people, and certain classes, even in Virginia, who resented this hospitality extended to the British officers. Their hosts, however, could afford to despise such ignorant and illiberal cavillers and took especial trouble to go out of their way to show their contempt for them. But even into Virginia a levelling spirit was then creeping; and though the wave partly receded, society was never quite the same again as in the Colonial days. While Anburey, for instance, was at the Randolphs, three common countrymen came into the saloon, where the colonel and his guests were sitting, drew their chairs up to the fire, pulled off their boots, and spat about in the usual pleasing fashion of the American rustic. They had business, it seems, with the colonel; but business had never been conducted like this before in Virginia, and it created great astonishment. The colonel remarked, with a sigh, that it was a sign of the times, and that since the war one man seemed to think he was as good as another, if not a great deal better.

All this time, however, the troops in the woodland camp near Charlottesville were faring very badly. Their

huts they soon built for themselves, but for provisions they had to be content with a little bacon, generally rancid, twice a week, and for the rest nothing but hominy. The full-blooded British soldier under this thin diet almost starved, though later on a few vegetables were grown. The neighbourhood, moreover, abounded in illicit stills, whence issued peach and apple brandy in fatal streams. The German officers, in their *ennui*, took to fighting duels, stripped to their waists and armed with sabres. Numbers of the English soldiers deserted, sometimes in twos and threes, at other times in small companies, who, electing a leader, endeavoured to make their way to the British headquarters at York. Colonel Harvey's woods were soon so completely cleared, that the camp consisted of an open space five miles in circumference, of which Anburey has left a very complete and curious sketch. The social condition of the middle and lower classes of Virginia is described with particular detail, which, to those who know the country now, helps to realise how much more stationary the old parts of the South have in many ways been than England, with the very marked exception of morality and sobriety. For English readers the curious contrasts in habit and character that, in Anburey's time as now, went to make the ordinary Southern planter, would have little interest; but the lower class at that time were such savages that their customs may be fairly touched upon as something of a curiosity. They too, in their fashion were hospitable and frank, but little more can be said for them. Their chief amusement was boxing-matches, or, in other words, fights of the most brutal description. I have myself talked with old people in Virginia who remember the days of these ferocious combats. If

Anburey's account, moreover, needed confirmation, there is ample to be found in the writings of travellers who followed closely on his steps. Biting the nose off, or gouging out an eye, were the chief aims of the combatants, to say nothing of nameless mutilations of still worse character. These fights were by no means necessarily the result of quarrels, but were more often matters of arrangement, as affording additional attractions to fairs or race-meetings in the back counties. Cock-fighting was then a popular amusement throughout Virginia, and the backwoods pugilist, when eager for a fight, would leap upon a stump, crack his heels, flap his arms and crow, in imitation of the game little bird, boasting the while in the outrageous fashion of an Indian warrior, but in the most blasphemous Saxon verbiage. The extent of mutilation was always arranged beforehand and most scrupulously adhered to. Many of the men let their nails grow to a prodigious length, and sharpened them at the point, for gouging purposes. All accounts of that period agree that the spectacle of a man with an eye missing, or a nose bitten off, was a terribly common one; while in the Carolinas these savage fights were still more frequent. In the Eastern provinces horse-racing was carried on as in England, where animals that, according to Anburey, would not have disgraced Newmarket, ran for purses upon many fine race-courses; but among the plain folk in the back counties, and among the Scotch-Irish behind the Blue Ridge, what was known as quarter-racing was the favourite sport. Two parallel tracks, a quarter of a mile in length and just wide enough for one horse, were cut through the forest. Only two competitors of course could enter at one time for a race, and the rate of speed attained over these short courses

is described as something marvellous. The shooting of the backwoodsmen seems also to have astonished the Englishmen, it being a common practice for them to hold wooden shingles in their hands, or even between their knees, as targets for their friends.

It was in the autumn of 1780, their numbers lessened by several hundred desertions and deaths, that the remains of Burgoyne's army left their woodland prison beneath the Virginia mountains for the North, and for the return to England which was so soon to follow. They had been in Virginia for two years and a half, a miserable period for the rank and file who, owing to the squabbles between Congress, governments of the various States, and the military authorities, were forced for much of that time to subsist almost wholly upon Indian meal. The officers fared better, though the reverse of sumptuously, except when enjoying the private hos-

pitality which Anburey is never tired of extolling. The final parting between officers and men, which took place in Pennsylvania on their northern march, was of a most affecting description. The long companionship in such peculiar and distressing circumstances, together with the many acts of self-denial and kindness shown to the men by their officers, had kindled among the former sentiments of gratitude and affection of an unusual kind.

We will conclude this paper with a striking instance of the depreciation of American money in November, 1780. For three days' entertainment at a tavern in Winchester, Virginia, on his way north our author and his friends were presented with a bill for £732 15s. 0d. This account Anburey discharged to the landlord's entire satisfaction for four guineas and a half in gold.

A. G. BRADLEY.



## PHILOMÈLE.

OF the two sisters the eldest, Marguerite de Vieilleville, was evidently the favourite. We are told at length of her manifold perfections, together with those of the young d'Espinay, her gallant husband, whose debonair encounter under the walls of Boulogne with Lord Dudley's eldest son (neither youngster being yet out of his teens) set every kerchief fluttering. The Loyal Servitor devotes at least a dozen pages of his pains-taking manuscript to elucidate the rare virtues, transcendent beauty, and incomparable excellence of this fair daughter of this illustrious house of Scépaux, whereas her younger sister, Philomèle, he dismisses in as many lines. To be sure the honours are not niggardly dealt out in that brief space, and we learn with pleasure that our heroine, like Charles of Orleans' mistress, was gentle and good and fair. She was moreover of a pleasing modesty, accompanied by so much grace and youth and fair courtesy, and a voice so heavenly sweet (in harmony with her name) that no one could desire better.

And what better could one desire. Or so at least it would seem until brought into contrast with those other dazzling portraits of the time, sketched by courtier pens whose extravagance their grim Huguenot critics do not fail to fall foul of. "Not sufficient" say they, "for these glutton courtiers and fulsome flatterers, the comparison of their idols to things terrestrial, such as roses, lilies, coral, ivory, pearls, and so on through the whole floral calendar and lapidary's stores, but they must needs climb high heaven, rifle the sun of his rays, the moon of her silver disk,

and steal colours supernal from the morning orb, which in their heathen gibberish they style the Aurora. Waxing bolder, nothing now remains but to pass beyond, and trespassing upon holy ground seek out their blasphemous hyperboles amidst the very angels, archangels and saints in glory!"

Of a verity, to believe those high-flown panegyrists, the Courts of Love and Beauty over which Queen Catherine de Medicis presided, must have been fairly besieged by celestial shapes. In such a press it was only to be expected that the mere mortal should step down. Mademoiselle de Vieilleville was no startling beauty, we are fain to admit. It was not for her to vie with the dazzling, goddess-like splendour which radiated from Madam Marguerite of France, or to stand in the light of that other golden-haired beauty of Catherine's Court, Madam Mary, the young Queen of Scots. Nevertheless, she possessed her own naïve charm which lingers still, like the scent of a rose plucked long ago and left forgotten between the covers of Maître Carloix' musty old document. The dry leaves are fast falling to dust, yet even now, as one fingers them tenderly, there comes wafted back the faint sweet aroma of the Queen's garden at Fontainebleau. Who knows but that we hold that very rose of a morning celebrated by Ronsard?

Mademoiselle de Vieilleville shared at least in one accomplishment with the peerless Queen of Scots; she sang in the sweetest of voices to the accompaniment of her lyre. For the rest, fancy pictures a slight young French girl, delicately pale and gracefully shy,

like many daughters of her race. Brown or black the tresses (as we imagine) which Mademoiselle wears, brushed off her smooth white forehead and caught back through a fillet of pearls after the fashion observed in portraits of the time. Brown her eyes also, under their long lashes, and clear as any child's. Yet think not to read at a glance this seeming transparency, or rudely summon the hidden thoughts, motives, hopes, and fears which garrison young Philomèle's white bosom behind her stiff gold-embroidered bodice and ruff of Flemish lace.

Was, she, in point of fact, that fair enthusiastic girl whom we invoke for the honour of maidenhood? Or must one accept literally the account handed down by our chronicler (with some apologies to be sure), of a cold coquette, wise and worldly beyond her years? And there is still the other theory, for those who seek farther, of pressure brought to bear on a young girl's inclination through the secret practices of the torture-chamber which are not yet obsolete, it is pretended, and were certainly efficacious in Catherine's hands. "I scarcely dared speak to the Queen, my mother," writes Marguerite of Valois, referring to her childhood; "and when she looked at me I trembled lest I might have done something to displease her."

But to resume our Carloix, who, after all, holds the only possible clue to the mystery, if mystery there be.

It befell in the winter of 1556, by an inclement season and roads deep in snow, that the Sire de Vieilleville, future Marshal of France and father of the sisters Marguerite and Philomèle, was on his way up from Metz, where he held the post of Military Governor, to pay his court at Saint Germain. With him rode a certain young Provençal, de Saulx, or Sault,

by name, of the illustrious stock of the Saulx-Tavannes, who had served under the said Seigneur through the memorable siege of Metz (the glory of French arms), and been enabled to verify the true temper of his steel, not in action only but also in idleness, which is sometimes the severer test.

So it came to pass that, as these two were conversing by the way, the elder let drop a discreet hint to the purport that his second daughter, Philomèle (then enrolled among the Queen's Maids), had not yet been promised in marriage, and was not, perchance, beyond the reach of one who, like his young friend, stood well in the sight of honour and in the estimation of M. de Vieilleville.

You may be sure that this young gentleman could hardly believe his ears at first, so incredible seemed his good fortune. But finding they had not deceived him he jumped from his horse, and falling on his knees at his companion's stirrup swore, then and there, eternal gratitude, love, and obedience. In such amicable accord and good understanding the travellers arrived at Saint Germain; and presently, when Mademoiselle de Vieilleville, accompanied by the governess of the Queen's Maids, came in to salute her father, behold at his elbow a dashing young gallant, smiling and blushing and bowing to the ground, whose pretensions were as much in evidence as the feathers in his bonnet, of which he displayed an amazing profusion.

Thenceforth the Queen's presence-chamber knew no more assiduous dangler than M. le Comte de Saulx. Nor was one ever better received by its laughter-loving, sweet-toothed inmates, among whom he scattered his sweet words and sweetmeats with equal success. Whether he was fortunate in winning the smiles of his shy young mistress history sayeth not,

though 'tis on record that more than one would right willingly have changed places with her. It only remained for the gallant Provençal to show his address in those games of skill and athletic sports which were as much the rage of that day as of our own, and a sure road to court-favour. And this he did not fail to achieve, carrying off the prize three times out of five; besides leading the dance at a court-ball with so much grace, spirit, and agility that crowds followed him about, and a new figure, adapted from the farandole of his native Provence, had a prodigious run, and was long known under the title of *La Volte de Sault*.

In this manner the months of December and January sped merrily along to the satisfaction of all. But early in February important affairs, connected with a great land-suit which was then pending, called M. de Vieilleville up to Paris, and upon him, as by duty and courtesy bound, attended his future son-in law. They were not detained long, thanks to His Majesty's letter of recommendation and other potent influences which the Seigneur was enabled to bring to bear on the law's delay; yet brief as was this interval, scarce more than a fortnight, it took no longer to overcast our lover's fair prospect, and scatter the roses that erstwhile so sweetly lined his path.

In plain prose a rival had seized the occasion to steal a march upon him, one Duilly by name, of the noble house of Châtelet (my Lord High-Seneschal of Lorraine's eldest son), who, with his father and a crowd of Lorraine gentlemen, had followed M. de Vaudemont when he came up to Saint Germain to fulfil his marriage contract with the Demoiselle de Nemours. Now Messieurs Châtelet, father and son, had long cast covetous eyes on the Vieilleville connection,

being fully cognisant of its value. Resolved to win by fair means or foul they were not above availing themselves of Sire Renard's arts, and after quitting Lorraine, travelled out of their way to Metz, where, in all honour and tranquillity, resided the Dame de Vieilleville during her husband's absence. To this lady, with a thousand respectful observances and complimentary speeches, my Lord Seneschal broached his project of a match between their children, asserting that M. de Vieilleville had already given it his sanction and promise of a settlement so soon as they should meet at Court, whither he and his son were journeying with that object in view. Before going further, however, he had desired to consult the wishes of Madam herself, feeling persuaded that the mother's prerogative in an affair of marriage was no less cogent than that of the father. It was a sentiment which did M. le Seneschal honour, and could not fail to ingratiate him with the good lady; all the more, perhaps, as it was one which that illustrious Seigneur, her spouse, does not appear to have shared. In fact, so little uxorious (we imitate the Lord Servitor's wise discretion) was the said Seigneur in his conjugal relations that hitherto he had not deemed it necessary to take Madam into his confidence with regard to M. de Saulx. This poor lady, it would seem, was the very last to be informed of news which had already travelled as far as Lorraine; and small blame to her, say we, for the error she fell into, either through ignorance or instigated by a little natural spirit of retaliation. Certain it is that she lent a willing ear to her neighbour's proposal; and at parting young Duilly was suffered to carry away with him a letter of introduction to her daughter, wherein his admirable qualities and the mother's high appreciation were categorically set forth.

The young gentleman now lost no time in hastening up to Court, where he arrived at the opportune moment of M. de Vieilleville's absence, and proceeded to drive his suit at a furious pace. That old fox, his father, meanwhile, was no less busy currying favour among the great, notably in the Lorraine coterie of which Mademoiselle de Nemours made one at present, and would have been delighted to secure Vieilleville's company on her approaching wedding-journey. Meeting this latter one day in the Queen's apartment the gay young bride accosted her by the name of "milk-sister" (the two having fed at the same board for upwards of four years) and called out to her in a merry voice, so as to be heard by all, that when in doubt a maid could not do better than give the preference to Lorraine, for there were no husbands so good as those that came out of that country,—witness, her own choice; nor was any road so pleasant to travel in the spring-time of the year as the one that led thither.

Thus it was that Dame Fortune, who relishes nothing better than upsetting lovers' calculations, played her cruel trick upon M. de Saulx. But faint heart never yet won fair lady, and, quickly rallying, the Provençal threw himself into the breach with all imaginable ardour. Justice and honour were both ranged on his side, supported by a father's authority; whereas M. de Duilly relied solely on the mother, whose letter he had taken the precaution of opening before delivery and been greatly encouraged by its perusal.

Carnival was now approaching, and the gay world a-gog as usual for merry-making. Balls, masques, tiltings, and tournaments were the order of the day, and the gallant part played in each by Mademoiselle de Vieilleville's brave suitors soon divided

this joyous Court into two camps, one favouring Provence, the other crying up Lorraine. Like many of his countrymen (including the great family of Guise) M. de Duilly was of a fair complexion, yet withal tall, well-shaped, and hardy with the best. His cool address and self-possession in moments of emergency offered a striking contrast to the fire of his Southern rival, which seemed destined to win if only by irresistible impetuosity. Howbeit on more than one occasion it happened that Lorraine proved his match, even in the tilt-yard, where de Saulx had hitherto carried everything before him. In like manner La Volte de Sault suffered something of an eclipse through the popularity of a new dance, entitled Bransles du Haut-Barrois, in which M. de Duilly figured to the admiration of all.

"These two determined competitors," observes Maitre Carloix, "were rivals by nature as much as by circumstance. They continually spurred one another on to greater effort, begrudging no sort of trouble or expense in their desire to excel. At Court nothing was heard of but the admirable exploits, the audacious encounters, splendid festivities, and gala doings both on land and water (accompanied by sumptuous collations of fruits, rare and exquisite, and all sorts of marvellous confections) which the brave servitors of Mademoiselle de Vieilleville provided for her gratification, and the delectation of Mesdemoiselles her companions."

We hear much, indeed, of these sprightly maids, who evidently lost nothing of their share when pleasure was afoot. But to judge from the accounts handed down, fair Philomèle herself seems to have played a curiously neutral part in the brilliant pageantry. No hint survives of partiality shown by her to either eager competitor; no

suggestion, even, of that pretty girlish coquetry which would have been only natural in the circumstances. Question it as we may, the pale young face still smiles back to us across the centuries with its air sweet and inscrutable, like that of Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* smiling out of the painted canvas. Possibly the poor child's thoughts are more intent on studying her father's commands than in lending encouragement to either ardent suitor; or she knits her innocent brows over her mother's ambiguous letter with an assiduity which their most impassioned love-songs fail to invoke.

And still the balance hung suspended, neither party gaining the advantage. Events were hurrying on, however, and a definite settlement, one way or another, could not long be delayed. Early one morning (all the world appears to have got about its business with the birds in those stirring days) *Mademoiselle de Vieilleville* received a call to wait upon the King's second daughter, *Madam Claude of France*. For a description of that gentle and gracious princess we must turn to *Brantôme*, who depicts her in the heyday of her girlish charms; "So pleasant was she," he writes, "and of so open and sunny a countenance that no one could help loving her at first sight." The summons, then, coming from such a quarter, caused none of those flutterings in the dove-cot which a like invitation to *Queen Catherine's* redoubtable presence always occasioned. Truth to tell *Madame Catherine* did not wholly confine her discipline to moral suasion, inquisitorial though that was, but by dint of sundry sharp nips and downright blows taught her tender maidens the full weight of a *Queen's* hand. *Blithe Claude*, on the contrary, they regarded almost as one of themselves, a light-hearted girl who stood quite as much in awe of their terrible mistress as any among them.

At her bidding, accordingly, our heroine sped away like a bee to the clover field, and arriving in the same breath found the young Princess not yet out of bed, making merry with her waiting ladies in a pitched battle of pillows. But on *Philomèle's* approach truce was called, and the flushed combatants, one and all, incontinently dismissed, for *Madam* announced that she had need of no one's services at her robing that morning save *Vieilleville's* alone. So, the room being cleared, and the *Maid of Honour* on her knees before her young mistress, *Madam* began speaking in a low and confidential voice.

"You know, *Vieilleville*," she said, "that my marriage with the Duke of *Lorraine* is now fully decided upon; and the King, my father, only awaits the conclusion of some important business, which detains him, before going up to *Paris* to arrange the wedding ceremony. It is to be a very grand event, I am promised, and celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance which used of old times to attend the nuptials of a daughter of the *Lilies*. But oh, my dear, if only you knew how I dread it, and how I tremble at the thought of going away into that far country, among cold, critical strangers, not one of whom knows me or cares the least in the world for me! So happy as I have always been up to this time, here in my own place, among my own people!"

Here *Madam Claude* paused to shed a few warm drops at the sad reflection, while *Philomèle*, still kneeling beside her, kissed her hands again and again, her own eyes growing misty in sympathy.

"I know I shall feel miserably homesick at first," the Princess resumed, "and all forlorn, like some poor half-fledged bird that has left its nest too soon. But, *Vieilleville*, give

good heed now to what I am about to say, for I have formed a plan in my head, and I count especially on your aid and friendship. Know then that rather than trust myself all alone in that strange country I am resolved to take from your midst six demoiselles, who shall accompany me, making my country their country, loving me as I love them, and living and dying with me. Sweetheart, I leave thee to guess the name of her I chose before giving a thought to any other! Yes, heart of my heart, 'twas thine; and so I told the Queen, my mother; not only because of our joint birthday, which falls together on the festival of Saint Barbara, virgin and martyr, but still more for the love I bear thee. Indeed, and indeed, I swear by God's truth, this love is so deep and so tender that nothing on earth could console me for the loss of it!"

'Twas Philomèle's turn now to sob a little, burying her face in Madam's lap under the cloud of brown curls which had escaped from their fillet, not having yet been dressed for the Queen's levée.

"And the Queen also," Claude hastened to add, "the Queen, my mother, approves highly of you, for she has often noticed the pleasant modesty of your demeanour, and other virtues which shine in you. She knows that you are no busybody like many of your companions who gad about backbiting and sowing dissension high and low,—some of them, even, so lost to prudence as to whisper scandal of a certain very great Prince and most noble virtuous lady, whose names need not be mentioned. But I happen to know, and will tell you in confidence, that several of these too-glib demoiselles are likely to be sent back to their parents after Easter, with shame for their only portion. However, that concerns neither you nor me. Nor must I forget to tell

you, in proof of an affection better than many fine words, that in my marriage-contract, which was drawn up the day before yesterday, your name appears writ fair and large over the title of First Lady-in-Waiting, with an accompanying list of perquisites, pensions, and so on, as long as my arm. And this was done, it may gratify you to learn, by express command of the Queen, your gracious mistress; though not at all to my content, let me say, for I was greatly vexed at first that the gift should be permitted to come from any hand but mine. So you see, Vieilleville," the Princess concluded, "there is no escape for you. Good Saint Lorraine claims your vows, and to him you must pay them. Merciful Heaven! what then becomes of me and my cherished schemes if you persist in making your pilgrimage into Provence with M. de Saulx, as he proposes? Surely you would not be so cruel as to leave my affection to go begging, and me to regret all the days of my life having loved thee too well?"

So saying Madam Claude threw her arms about Philomèle's neck, kissing and embracing her very tenderly.

"Oh, Madam, Madam," the young girl stammered, unable to speak another word from her full heart. But recollecting in time her Court breeding and the respect which is due to rank, she put a check on her emotions and replied in becoming terms: "Madam and Princess, I know not how sufficiently to thank you for the favour you have deigned to show the least worthy of your servants; nor can I imagine to what I owe my good fortune if not to your own unbounded goodness, and to Heaven, which by its influence hath so embellished me in your eyes. Oh, my mistress, sweetest and best," she cried, again forgetting herself, "there is nothing in the wide world I would not do for love of you!"



I would walk barefooted every step of the road into Lorraine, the sun and the rain on my head, if at the end I might be sure of seeing your face and of hearing your voice. Like that damsel in Holy Writ of whom the preacher told us, 'Whither thou goest will I go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'

Thus these two innocent children, whose years together scarce counted thirty, held sweet converse, hand clasped in hand, and lifted above our wicked world in a kind of angelic rapture. "The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me," Claude repeated, adopting in her turn that solemn Scriptural phraseology which was on many lips since Catherine had thrown open her doors to M. Théodore de Béze, and other eloquent advocates of the New Doctrine.

But the sunshine of Madam's disposition would not long brook a cloud, however slight, and soon, brushing aside her tears, she cried merrily, "Eh! but how about this poor Comte de Saulx?"

For all answer Philomèle continued to gaze, round-eyed, at her young mistress. Truth to tell, our gentle enthusiast had not yet descended from her peroration among the clouds, and the expression of her fair artless visage showed so little consciousness of the part she was called upon to take between two furious suitors, each ready to tear his rival in pieces for love of her, that Madam Claude (whose humour was ever of the liveliest) could not restrain her merriment. She laughed aloud, and girl-like, laughed the more for laughing, joined presently by her companion, who must needs help swell this joyous chorus, though without rightly comprehending its motive. Meanwhile the faces of the Ladies-in-Waiting,

who were listening with all their ears at the door, grew longer each moment, for still less could they understand the occasion of such inordinate mirth.

When gravity was re-established, Mademoiselle de Vieilleville began again, blushing a little, yet preserving unabashed the clear, upward look of her candid eyes. "Madam and Princess, I cannot deny that I am under great obligations to M. de Saulx, who is a very gallant gentleman, and above the breath of reproach. At the same time I can assure your Highness, on my honour, that no word or act has passed between us that was not authorised by my father; and up to this moment (thanks to the grace of Heaven) I remain entire mistress of my own heart. Nevertheless, Madam, the designs of my father, in presenting this young gentleman to me, must be sufficiently well known to you. In short, to cut a long story, I admit that the affair has already progressed so far that our public betrothal is fixed for Wednesday next, that is in three days' time, and the wedding for three days later. As regards M. de Vieilleville (whose reputation needs no advocacy of mine, or of any one's, and is honoured from one end of France to the other) it only remains to be said that his promised word once given remains as fixed as the stars in their course, and is no more to be turned aside. How, then, would it be possible for me, a child and dependent, to fly in his face, defying his deliberate purpose? On my soul, Madam, I should never dare attempt it,—no, not on the longest day of my life! Left to my own resources, poor coward that I am, I foresee that your Highness's gracious design must suffer defeat, and I be deprived of every joy I know. Alas! no hope remains unless my dear

mistress herself, out of her charity, and the kindness which she professes for me, shall deign to interpose, and by her sovereign authority bring about the desired change."

Madam Claude asked for nothing better. She jumped up at once, skipping and clapping her hands for joy, and declaring that she must be off without a moment's delay to consult with the Queen on ways and means. "Fear nothing, Sweetheart," she called back from the threshold, wafting a kiss on her finger-tips, "I'll soon win my own way, as you shall see, and my own first Lady-in-Waiting,—so help me Heaven and my good mother-wit!"

Certainly if any power on earth could remove mountains, 'twas that of the august lady to whom Claude now addressed herself. The day was not an hour older when M. de Vieilleville received word that His Majesty desired speech of him, and on hastening to the royal closet found there, impatiently awaiting his arrival, an august trio, composed of the King's Majesty, Queen Catherine, and Madam Claude of France. Hardly giving him time to make his reverence, an interrogation was straightway opened on the subject of M. de Saulx, with full particulars requested of the hopes or expectations which had been held out to that gentleman.

Now, at Court, as elsewhere, honesty is often found to be the best policy, as well as an excellent safeguard against surprise in ambush. Such was the maxim of this worthy gentleman, at all events, and one from which he saw no cause for deviating on the present occasion. Without beating about the bush he made answer that, subject to the royal will, he had ventured to guarantee his young friend the post of Lieutenant-Governor under his own command at Metz, besides the promise of a com-

pany (having now served his three years), and promotion to the rank and emoluments of a Gentleman of the Chamber.

"So far, so good," quoth the King, adding that the necessary papers should be forthcoming. "But tell me, Vieilleville," he pursued, "has not this fortunate young gentleman been permitted to cherish other hopes more desirable still, and more precious than any you have yet mentioned?"

Now, indeed, the drift of the King's remarks could no longer be mistaken. M. de Vieilleville, however, was resolved on making a bold stand, and did not deny (since His Majesty was good enough to inquire), that a matrimonial engagement of long standing subsisted between the said Comte de Saulx and his second daughter, Philomèle, which had not yet received public announcement, but was none the less binding on both parties. And thereupon he launched out into an eulogy of his proposed son-in-law, whose birth, possessions, valour, good health, good looks, and many other excellent qualities he warmly extolled, winding up by declaring that there was no one to whom he could confide his daughter with greater confidence.

But at this point Queen Catherine, who had hitherto remained silent, broke in. "I see plainly," she cried, "that the Sire de Vieilleville has quite forgotten a certain letter which he wrote to me some four years ago, when first his daughter was committed to my charge. That letter I have still, and find in it, over his proper signature, a complete surrender of his own parental rights in the said young lady, whom he confides unconditionally to me, to guard and cherish so long as seems good to me, and to dispose of according to my sovereign will, with many other courteous protestations, to the effect that he hopes

much from my generous protection and the bounty with which it is known I am in the habit of rewarding those among my maidens whose services have proved agreeable to me. In fine," Catherine declared, facing the Seigneur with that majesty of mien which she could so well assume, "I have to inform you that the hand of your daughter is already disposed of. Nothing doubting of my unique authority in this matter, I promised it away several days ago to the Grand-Seneschal of Lorraine, for his eldest son, the young Duilly, of whose personal merit you cannot fail to be informed, as well as of the high dignity, wealth, and puissance of his noble house. I will only add that, in consideration of its kinship with that of Lorraine, into which my own daughter is about to marry, and because of the great sympathy subsisting between this Princess and your daughter (which is so tender and constant as to be a marvel to all), it has been decided that the one shall accompany the other into Lorraine in the capacity of First Lady-in-Waiting, and this over the heads of many whose claims were pressed by very great and powerful protectors, for I can assure you that there has been no lack of applicants for the place. And now that you may know the young girl's own inclination, and how little the constraint put upon it, I leave you to hear the conversation which passed between her and my daughter within this very hour."

Thereupon Madam Claude took up the thread of discourse, recounting her version of the morning's interview with so much grace, heart, and good feeling, that the King was sensibly affected, and Madam Catherine turned aside to wipe her eyes. Indeed, by this time, what between the eloquent loquacity of these ladies' tongues, the respect due to their exalted rank, and

the natural gratification of a parent at hearing his child's praises sung in such high quarters, M. de Vieilleville was fairly at his wits' end. In all sincerity he still adhered to the cause of the generous youth who had been his own free choice, and had received in his heart, as far back as the days of Metz, that endearing title which nature denied when it withheld a legitimate son of his name. Yet much experience of Courts could not fail to warn him of the madness of setting himself in opposition to the sovereign will. Imperious eyes were bent upon him, and he did not take long to realise his own situation, or the danger of jeopardising his young friend's future prospects by an indiscreet advocacy.

Bowing low, accordingly, the Seigneur returned grateful thanks for the honour done to him and his in the person of his daughter, and called Heaven to witness that everything he possessed, from his sword and life down to the least of his creatures and last penny in his coffer, was the King's to command. Nevertheless, saving their presence, he could not deny that so summary a dismissal of M. de Saulx appeared to him a hard chance, and he was reluctant that that gentleman should be left in misapprehension of the true bearings of the case.

His Majesty readily admitted the justice of this complaint, but observed that M. Vieilleville need suffer no farther uneasiness on that score, as he would take it upon himself to inform M. de Saulx, of his altered prospects. The young gentleman was thereupon summoned in haste from the tennis-court where he was engaged, and received on the spot the various brevets and other papers in confirmation of his new appointments, besides a gift of two thousand crowns out of the King's privy purse. But alas! hardly had he time to con-

gratulate himself on his good fortune than the thunderbolt fell. By the King's command he was called upon to renounce all claims on the hand of Mademoiselle de Vieilleville, and forbidden, under pain of royal displeasure, so much as to address her again, or even approach the frontiers of Lorraine so long as she made that country her residence.

Who has not pitied the fate which overtakes a gallant cavalier when, riding at full tilt, he is brought up by a sudden check and rolls sprawling in the dust? Nothing for it, in such plight, but to pick himself up as best he may, and limping off, sore and mortified, seek out some retired spot in which to nurse his wounds. Farewell to the dear delights of lists and tennis-court; farewell to triumphs in the ballroom, at masquerades, and festivities. No more loitering for him in royal antechambers; no more joyous fanfare of the royal chase, or junketings with Catherine's merry maids beneath the greenwood tree and adown silvery river reaches!

"This poor Count," declares the veracious historian, "at this news, was greatly taken aback." We can well believe it, and feel naught but sympathy at learning that the unhappy gentleman passed a restless night, belabouring his pillow and cursing the hour that gave him birth. Many a one, under like provocation, has done the same before and since. But daylight brought cooler blood, and a wise resolution to get away so soon as possible from the scene of his disaster. Carnival, indeed, was drawing near, and M. de Saulx had little mind to run the gauntlet of unseasonable witticisms. He made haste, then, to bolt the King's bribe, and dispose of his new acquisitions for what they would bring; conscious of no other inconvenience, if we are to believe this naïve recital, than was

natural on the depreciation of a forced sale. The point of honour, it is evident, varies to suit different times and customs, whereas dear human nature remains always the same. No one need mistake the angry would-be cynical declaration (confided doubtless to all who would listen) that for his part M. de Saulx deemed himself well escaped, and no such loser, either, when he came to reckon up his profits against the trifle forfeited. Just Heavens! as if there was but one woman on earth, or he the man to break his heart over such light weight. "Perish the whole tribe," he anathematises, low but deep, "from our fine lady of Italy, with her smooth-tongued cajoleries, down to this pretty puppet that jumps so nimbly at her bidding!"

And now, for the last time, behold the rejected suitor, his back finally turned on the perfidious world of Courts, wending his moody way into Provence, where lie the paternal estates. Leave has been asked and obtained of the King's Majesty, not forgetting most humble grateful thanks, and dutiful respects as well paid to M. de Vieilleville. In both pockets gold pieces jingle an accompaniment to the prancing of a high-mettled steed, the parting gift of the said Seigneur, though not in this instance named after its donor as was customary. But with every allowance made the society of a jilted lover is best to be avoided. It may not prove of the most enlivening on the present occasion, or likely to beguile a lonely road, despite the softening influence of April weather, budding thickets, and the song of cuckoo, lark, and nightingale, which have come to celebrate the triumph of love and spring in the land.

No sooner had M. de Saulx disappeared over the brow of the hill than the betrothals of Mademoiselle de

Vieilleville and M. le Grand-Senechal's eldest son were solemnised in the Queen's apartment and under her special patronage. King and Queen graced the ceremony, assisted by their daughters, the most high, virtuous and excellent Infants, the Ladies Elizabeth, Claude, and Marguerite of France; together with other great princes, princesses, and noble lords and ladies, not forgetting, it is to be hoped, the tip-toeing bevy of Queen's Maids.

Still more splendid, if less unique, was the marriage which took place a few days later at Paris, following on that of the Demoiselle de Nemours, and making use of the same sumptuous paraphernalia. His Majesty, we are informed, singled out fair Vieilleville for special honour by breaking at least a dozen more spearheads on her day than on the one preceding (that of the great Duke's sister), besides calling up her father at supper-time to take a seat at his own table among Princes of the Blood, "whereat," we read, "was no little murmuring and jealousies in certain quarters." The Loyal Servitor spares us no jot of his eloquence when describing these honours and the attendant festivities. "Admirable above all," he writes, "was the spectacle of the ball at night, with its parade of jewels, laces, broidery, and priceless stuffs, both of gold and silver. Truly our eyes fairly winked at the sight, and we were all but blinded by this dazzling display, particularly after supper, when torches were alight in the great hall. I'll warrant thee, those fabulous goddesses and nymphs of legendary times, cele-

brated by our poets, would scarce dare show their faces in such an assembly, so greatly would their lustre tarnish by comparison, not only in actual beauty, but because of the fine apparel wherewith our ladies know so well how to embellish and set off their charms."

Still less could shy young Philomèle hope to dazzle or eclipse in that bright galaxy. Her place, rather, was among the timorous nymphs and sylphid shapes, half of earth, half air, that fly the garish light, mirroring their beauty in dim woodland pools, or dancing by twos and threes, as one sees them in Corot's pictures, along the margin of silvery streams ere morning mists are lifted.

After all, now our story is done, and proud Lorraine left master of the field, does not a doubt intrude that possibly his triumph may prove less enduring than he deems it? And who shall certify that the wrongs of injured Provence are to pass quite unavenged? Far from M. de Duilly, it is true, was any suspicion of such failure, as he led his bride through the mazes of a Bransles du Haut Barrois, her slender right hand close clasped in his own, to hold and direct so long as life lasts. But not to his iron grasp is it given to force open the petals of the half-blown rose; not for M. le Grand-Senechal's eldest son the lovely blush which suffuses this pale flower as Madam Claude, blithe and radiant, in gold skirts outspread and jewel-spangled bodice, flings a passing smile as she pirouettes down the middle.

## A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY MRS. FRASER.

## CHAPTER I.

JULY was far on its way. It had been a dry and hot month, hailed in its first week with joy by all the people who had smart frocks to show off, grumbled at in the second by melting dancers at belated balls, and now, in the third, cursed by weary, dust-choked pedestrians who were afraid to walk too close to the scorching walls of the houses lest they should get their clothes singed. London looked like a vast ball-room after the daylight has been let in upon its faded flowers and chalky floor; the dancers are fled, the lights and the music have died together, and the grimy cleaners, the deplorable charwomen, are in possession. If one of last night's revellers looks in by chance he will hardly recognise the place.

Mr. Harry Surtees looked very lonely and very much bored as he sat on a chair in Hyde Park watching the water-carts creeping along, wasting on dusty earth those cool showers of spray which, but for the trifling matter of clothes, would have been so welcome to parched humanity. A few weeks ago this corner had been always crowded with the prettiest, if not the nicest, people in town, and a vacant chair no easy thing to find. To-day Mr. Surtees sat there alone, like a well-dressed waif cast upon a desert island of painted iron.

As he was quite alone perhaps he might have been excused for addressing a remark to himself. Soliloquising is only unpardonable when there is someone at hand to hear it. Mr. Surtees leaned back in his chair,

crossed his beautiful shining boots, and looking very gloomy, remarked: "Oh, hang it all! Why on earth did that poor chap die just now? Could anything be more inconvenient?"

Harry had not had a successful season, and here he was, at the end of it, very hard up, with a heap of bills to pay, and no particular prospect of an income for at least six months to come. Everything had gone badly with him. His usual persistent luck at play had deserted him; an aged relative had survived an attack of influenza, such as would have killed anyone who had not a fortune to leave to a devoted and deserving nephew; the little American heiress had flirted encouragingly with him, as she did with a good many other men, but had finally married a Spanish Duke, of shaky legs and unmentionable morality; and now, to underline and emphasise all his other misfortunes, poor Ebford Barton had died of fever at Nice.

There were no Bartons among Harry's relatives, and the death was not one which would entail upon him any outward mourning; but it seriously altered certain circumstances of his life which now held him in the firm but velvet grasp of pleasant habit. This must, at all costs, be shaken off now, and the shaking would hurt a good deal, and perhaps not only hurt himself. He would have to appear both unkind and ungrateful. He winced visibly as he realised the fact, and changed his position once or twice; but the situation could not be changed, and there was no way out of it, but one.



A few years before that warm July Ebford Barton and his wife were living in London, with no less appearance of harmony than most of their friends and neighbours. People who have been married some ten years are not usually very expansive in their manner towards one another in public, and if Mr. Barton did not always assist at his wife's tea-parties, or if she went abroad when he went to Scotland, there was nothing in that to excite comment. They had no children, and being in comfortable circumstances, it was considered natural enough that each should follow private tastes to a moderate extent. But year by year the separation grew longer, and for some time now Ebford Barton had been forbidden by his physician to live in England at all; at least so his wife said. That she lived on in London was, as she also said, due to her own delicate health, which made it impossible for her to "go racketing about" in crowded hotels. She was a quiet, over-feminine woman, her friends thought, one of those gentle creatures who must live in a dainty home, or not at all. It was sad for her, they said, that her husband seemed to care so little about her society. Why could he not settle down somewhere abroad, and make a home for her there? Lots of men had to do that sort of thing.

Poor Ebford Barton had settled down at last, to rise no more, but not before he and his wife had outwardly agreed on one point at any rate,—that they would have a final and complete separation. It had come to that, very gradually, but the hour struck at last, when no reconciliation, no forgiveness, could bring them really together again. Perhaps they never had been really united. The nature of the woman was incapable of the self-effacement which makes such union easy, or of the passionate de-

votion which makes it heroic; and the man, who asked for the pure gold of trust and love, and for bounteous daily bread of kindness, was too sad and sore, when denied, to stoop to accept poor crumbs of comfort, or the common coin of mere politeness, which was all that the woman by his side could give him. She, poor soul, hardened by brooding over unintentional slights and petty humours, persuaded herself that she was taking up a strong position when she listened coldly to his few and bitter words; and choked down an impulse, the best in her heart, to say something about not wishing to be separated from him. Then he, who had been hoping for that very protest, left her in anger and sorrow, and she was rather proud of having stood firm, as she told herself when a pang of regret would make itself felt.

The greatest curse of weakness does not fall on weakness as such, but on the things it does when it is aping strength.

So Ebford and Lily Barton had seen each other no more; and she had gone on her way, content to appear something of a martyr in the eyes of the world, a martyr supported on her thorny road by the platonic affection of her dear Harry Surtees and one or two others, who, like him, found their advantage in calling themselves her friends. Harry had perhaps a little abused her favour, in that he had rather basely advertised himself as a more enthusiastic admirer than he really was. It was a great protection against piratical mothers and daughters, who in these bad times would have been willing to overlook Harry's present debts, and even his reputation for inconstancy, in consideration of his good looks and of that solid provision in the future. The elderly relative would not live for ever, after all. So Harry, whose

intercourse with Mrs. Barton had been one of mere kindly fellowship, had sometimes allowed people to think that he was more than a little in love with her, and of late he had begun to have an uncomfortable suspicion that she thought so too. If not, why did she pour out so many confidences, why did nobody else ever come in to interrupt his visits, why did she always seem so remarkably glad to see him? He did not like these reflections at all; poor Barton was dead, and Heaven only knew what Mrs. Barton might be expecting a man to do in a year or two. Here was heavy retribution for a harmless bit of fooling!

Therefore did Mr. Surtees swear a little to himself as he sat on the hard chair, and life, which had been getting drier and drier for weeks past, appeared for the moment so stale and unprofitable that had there been any painless and gentlemanly method of ridding himself of it at hand, he might have employed it on the spot. But neither the water-carts, nor the Serpentine, nor the strolling policeman offered any prospect of help towards a dignified ending. No, life must be faced, and that black-edged note in his pocket must be answered, or obeyed.

Habit was strong and it seemed simpler to obey at once than to write an evasive reply which would conclude nothing. Of course he would have to go and see her in the end; it was only decent; but what, in the name of all that was reasonable, would he find to say? Who could condole with a woman on losing an unkind husband whom she had not seen for years? Who could congratulate a woman in widow's weeds on being free at last from bonds of which she had bitterly complained? The whole framework of society must be out of joint when this kind of thing could happen. If she had not written him

that appealing note he might have hoped to leave a harmless card and get away decently, as he had done three weeks ago when he saw the news in the paper; but since she had asked him to come—no, there was no way out of it; go he must, and the sooner it was over, the better for both parties.

So he rose, flipped a speck of dust off his coat, straightened the flower in his button-hole, and began to walk at a leisurely pace towards the nearest gate which offered the best prospect of a cab. He was a good-looking man, rather small, but with regular features, fine blue eyes, and a nose of that perfect kind which needs no explanation and fears no change. His mouth was small, and a dark golden moustache curled above irreproachable teeth. His hair, of the same colour, also curled, but was beginning now to grow a little thin just where a bump, named unkindly that of self-conceit, rose into prominence. When it is added that Mr. Surtees had a smooth throat, a fresh colour, and a well-knit figure, a trifle fuller than it used to be, his portrait should be fairly complete to the discerning eye. He was fond of money and of good dinners, had reached the safe age when dissipation ceases to be attractive for its own sake, and needs to be daintily dressed to tempt the experienced and discriminating sinner; the age when *not to be bothered* becomes the first law of existence, and amusement can take the second place.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. BARTON lived in South Audley Street in a very quiet, and quite ruinous, way; that is to say, her small house was exquisitely furnished and decorated; her favourite whim just now was collecting original etchings by great masters; her establish-

ment was brought as near perfection as high wages tempered with despotism could bring it, and her dressmaker lived in Mount Street. When anything belonging to her was admired she would shake her head and say with a sad little smile, "I can afford so few things that what I get must be good, you know." Whereby the more guileless of her friends believed that "poor Lily Barton" had been "paying debts again for that wretched husband of hers;" whereas the wretched husband made her a generous allowance of about three quarters of his income, and lived abroad on the rest,—poor, and very lonely.

Well, Ebford Barton was dead now, and Harry Surtees was going to try and condole with his widow. The widow's friend comforted himself with thinking that, at any rate in this first interview, nothing would be so out of place as anything approaching to a demonstration of feeling on his part. A few kind words, a question or two to show his interest in all that touched her, the announcement of his own departure for the first of a round of country visits, then the hope that they would meet somewhere soon, and he could slip away,—for good. Nothing should induce him to set foot on those fatal stairs, to run his head into that softly tinted lion's mouth of a drawing-room, after the regulation limit for silence was past. It would even be worth while to go abroad, to cultivate a weak chest consequent on influenza, and spend a year at Davos Platz, rather than be shot down in cold blood by that middle-aged, tiresome woman. How queer she was going to look in weeds, and what a comfort that for once he would get away without having had to tell her that her gown was lovely!

But a little surprise awaited him in the small sitting-room to which he was, as usual, shown. Mrs. Barton

had not thought it fitting or necessary to put on weeds, and she was sitting in her favourite corner, in her favourite black tea-gown, all over ribbons and lace. The blinds were closed and the atmosphere was heavy with the scent of flowers and White Rose. Mrs. Barton's taste in perfumes was not irreproachable.

She turned as Harry Surtees advanced, and held out her hand with a bright confiding smile. At once his nicely arranged little speech of sympathy melted away in the back of his head, and he found himself sitting beside her on the sofa in his usual place, as if Ebford Barton had never lived, or died.

She was a pretty woman still, although Surtees had profanely called her middle-aged and tiresome in his own mind. Her hair was of a delicate mouse-colour, with changing lights in it. She had small features, a straight nose, rather a thin mouth, and large grey-green eyes. The lashes and eyebrows were admirably done, a shade or two darker than they had any right to be; unfortunately she was a little given to the abuse of powder, but was careful about the rouge still, having only taken to it lately. One must keep something in reserve.

"It was like you to come," she said, leaning back and looking at Harry over the top of a black fan. He was looking about for a chair on which to put his hat and stick, and did not answer immediately. She went on, "But it was not like you to stay away so long. Why did you make me write to you?"

"Well, you see," said the man slowly, having recovered his presence of mind, "I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't care about visits just now, don't you know? Bad news, (so awfully sorry to hear it) very sudden—people generally would rather be left alone, wouldn't they?"

"Well, perhaps," replied Mrs. Barton; "only cases differ so much. You see it depends on many things, and on the nature of the bad news. This was a deliverance, of course."

"Is not that rather a—cynical way of looking at it?" inquired Harry, almost surprised into taking the dead tyrant's part.

Lily glanced at him coldly. "I meant for him," she said; "there had been long bad health, you know. For me it is different. There is so much more in it than you can possibly understand. You have never been married, you see."

"Oh, of course; but all the same——" and then he stopped, finding himself thinking what he could not say, namely that the news of a poor fellow's having died alone, in a hotel, without a soul to care for him, ought to have been bad news; and that the woman should at any rate have managed to look a little sorry about it.

Mrs. Barton was disappointed. She had heard him inveigh persistently against people who made scenes, and now he was evidently shocked because she had not indulged in one. Inexplicable contrariety of man! She turned from him and looked towards the window, while her long white fingers played with her fan. Harry was wondering what to say next, when she turned and looked at him with great seriousness. "Much more than you can possibly understand," she repeated; "and after all these years, knowing me as you do, it is odd that you should accuse me of being cynical, as you call it, though that is not a word to use to a woman."

"I beg your pardon," said Harry; "it was the first that came to my mind, and, you know—you've always let me talk pretty frankly, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have; young men will not

talk at all now unless they are allowed to say everything," replied Mrs. Barton; "but that is no reason for telling me that I am a heartless wretch."

"I never said you were a heartless wretch," protested Surtees, pleased to be called a young man still. He was too kind-hearted to wish to hurt her feelings, and was besides above all things anxious to avoid a quarrel which would needs result in a peace-making, and one that would rivet his invisible fetters for ever. "I never said you were a heartless wretch. You ought to know by this time what I think of you."

"I am afraid I do not care what you think of me, after all," said Mrs. Barton. "Whatever happens, I must be true; and the truth is that I have suffered so much in past times that I am never very sorry for anything now."

"I know you must have had no end of trouble from all you used to tell me, and——" again he stopped, wishing that she would speak. They were drifting in the wrong direction, but she was silent, and he thought himself obliged to go on: "And, you really do know that I have always been awfully sorry for you. Only, don't you see, it,—it gives a fellow a kind of shock; we always expect women to be so angelic, and forgiving, and all that sort of thing."

"I said something quite untrue just now," murmured Lily; "I said I could not be sorry for anything. That is false; I should be horribly sorry to lose your good opinion,—Harry."

It was not often that she called him by his Christian name, and her using it now seemed a little out of place. Unluckily he had once, in a sentimental moment, asked her to do so. He thought he had better go now. "Well," he said, rising and reaching for his hat, "I suppose you won't stay in town any longer than you can help.

I am off to-morrow, I am thankful to say,—lots of visits,—do the stupid ones first !”

Mrs. Barton did not want him to go yet, so she choked down her anger at his not answering her pretty speech, and asked playfully in what direction the “stupid ones” lay.

“Oh, right away in the wilds,” he said, smiling, and relieved to have got the conversation into everyday channels again. “I am going to see some old cousins of mine in Devonshire ; deadly dull, all cream and roses and local boards and penny readings.”

“Why do you go ?” inquired Lily, raising her eyebrows.

“To recruit a bit,” he replied ; “my nerves are all over the place, and the dinners this year (except yours), have been simply infamous. Do you know, I’ve had people offer me Australian wines, and in smart houses too !”

“One sometimes gets the worst dinners in the smartest houses,” said Lily ; “there’s no personal interest taken in them.”

“I suppose that is the reason,” he replied, laughing and showing all his white teeth. How much pleasanter it was to talk in their usual way on their usual subjects ! Ebford Barton was buried for ever now.

“You don’t look very ill,” remarked Lily, glancing at him critically, and wishing that she had such a complexion as that ; “but I daresay the country will do you good. What is the name of the place you are going to ?”

“Oh, Ryestock, near Ottery. I don’t suppose you would know the Marstons ; they hardly ever come to town, — regular rural sort. Well, good-bye.” He rose, radiant at having got off so easily.

“Good-bye,” she said, and held out her hand. He shook it warmly, but tried to avoid meeting her eyes, which, he felt sure, were looking reproaches

at him. Suddenly she withdrew her hand and, covering her face, burst into tears. Harry hesitated for a few seconds, and then the instinct of self-preservation carried the day ; he turned, ran downstairs, out of the front door, and rattled away as fast as his driver would take him. He did not feel safe until he had found shelter in the familiar fortress of his club. There, at any rate, Mrs. Ebford Barton could not follow him.

Her sobs came to a sudden end when she heard the door close. Perhaps the crying was not very genuine, but she cared, in a rather undignified way, for this man ; and it was a bitter disappointment to her to find that her new freedom, which she had hailed as smoothing away the obstacles between them, seemed like to turn into an obstacle itself. Harry Surtees was obviously afraid of her. What was the matter ? Until a month ago he had been coming to see her almost every day, had been in the habit of spending hours in this very room, talking of everything under the sun, pouring out apparently his whole heart to her, and offering her daily the exact amount of delicate flattery, trust, and admiration without which she could not live. That was the worst of it. She could not do without it now. He had filled up all the empty spaces in her life for the last three years, and the pleasure she took in his society had led her into neglecting her other friends, both men and women. He was younger than she by a year or two, and that had added a good deal to the charm of their friendship, for on occasions, when she knew that she was really looking fresh and pretty, she would give herself little motherly airs with him, which made him feel safe and her virtuous. But she knew that she was not young ; she knew bitterly that if he turned from her no other man would seek to fill his place.

She had nursed this sensitive plant of the man's regard with self-denying care, believing that the future would make it always more valuable and personal; and now, when she would have reached out to gather and garner it, its place was empty and she grasped the air.

She moved uneasily about the room, frightened and irritated, unwilling to face the fact. She had looked forward with eagerness to this first interview; she had missed Harry's visits sorely during those weeks of seclusion, and while she was sitting alone and often thinking of him, something had come between them. What was it? No man could really change in so short a time, she argued, unless some new and potent influence had come into his life. Had he seen someone whom he was going to like better than poor Lily Barton? Was her last bit of romance dead? Had he fallen in love?

A sudden light came to her. Harry had mentioned the Marstons, and a little while ago some girls, who were staying with a friend of hers, had done the same. They and the Marstons were neighbours in Devonshire, and Cissy Harcourt had said that the Marstons would come up next year for their daughter to be presented, and that she was "*awfully* pretty," and would have lots of money. Lily had not replied to Harry's supposition that she did not know the "dull old cousins." It was not worth while just then, but, as a matter of fact, she had known them long ago, and finding them unprofitable had dropped them. That was very easy to do, for they hardly ever came to town. They must be picked up again now, that was all. An hour or two later she wrote the following letter.

DEAR LADY MARSTON,—As it is some years since I had the pleasure of meeting you, I fear it is only too likely that you

may have quite forgotten me. It would be more difficult for me to forget you and all the kindness you showed me that winter in Cairo,—the mere remembrance of it gives me courage to ask a great favour of you now. As you will probably have seen by the papers, a heavy sorrow has come to me, and I am anxious to find some place in the country where I can spend a few months very quietly. Is there any small house in your part of the world where I could take refuge? If so, it would be so kind of you to tell me of it. I should like it to have pretty grounds if possible, but nothing too big to manage easily; and it must of course be furnished, so that I could take possession at once. I really long for a little peace somewhere, and should be so grateful if you would help me, though I am ashamed to give you so much trouble.

Here Mrs. Barton hesitated as to whether she should ask about the children, a tiresome couple whom she remembered in Cairo eight years ago, and finally decided not to do so. The girl she knew was alive, but the little boy might be dead, and then Lady Marston would hate her for not knowing it; so she finished her letter without any reference to the family, and posted it at once.

### CHAPTER III.

THE answer reached her on the next day but one, and met her wishes most completely. Lady Marston perfectly remembered dear Mrs. Ebford Barton, had been deeply grieved to hear of her loss, and would do everything possible to help her in finding what she wanted. There were one or two empty houses in the neighbourhood; would she come and see for herself? Lady Marston and Sir Francis would be delighted to put her up for as long as she liked to stay. Towards the 12th they would be having the house full, but for the next ten days there would be hardly any one stopping with them, and Mrs. Barton could be as quiet as she liked. Their cousin, Mr. Surtees, was coming



down for a little while, but she would not mind meeting him?

Lily Barton thought that she could resign herself to that, and wrote back a charming letter full of thanks, accepting the invitation, and fixing her coming for Friday, this being Wednesday. She was so anxious to lose no time about finding her little house!

There was less satisfaction at Ryestock when Lady Marston announced at breakfast on Thursday that Mrs. Ebford Barton, in the black halo of new widowhood, was to come and stay for some days. Sir Francis, who had been hospitably cited in the note of invitation, raised his head sharply from where it was sunk between wide-stretched arms in his newspaper, and said: "Mrs. Ebford Barton! What on earth do you want to have her here for?"

Lady Marston explained. Mrs. Barton was in trouble, wished to find a house,—why, he knew all about it, she had told him yesterday.

"You did nothing of the sort," said Sir Francis, "Ugh!" and down went his head into the newspaper again.

"Papa always says one hadn't told him, whatever happens, don't you, Daddy dear? It gives you a chance to be so jolly disagreeable."

This remark came from Miss Kitty Marston, who was sitting beside her father, and who accompanied the speech by a little rub of her head against the hand nearest to her. Sir Francis said nothing, but pinched her ear and went on reading. Kitty's sayings and doings were always accepted on the "favoured nation basis."

"How you do cheek the Governor, Kit!" protested her brother, a large-limbed youngster of fifteen, with a freckled smiling face. "If I began to talk like that, you would stop my pocket-money for a year, wouldn't you, Sir?"

"I would spend it all on a whango stick to lick you with," growled Sir Francis, looking over the top of THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS with amusement in his eyes. "I am not sure I won't do it now, you unconscionable young cub! I will, if I find you meddling with my guns again."

"What has Roy been doing now?" inquired Lady Marston, leaning far over the head of the big silver tea-pot, and bending a stern glance on her son and heir. Her voice was cold and high, and chilling in the extreme to a conscious culprit.

"Oh nothing, my dear," declared Sir Francis, who was staunch if grumpy, and bent at present on rescuing Roy from the petticoat government which generally made the poor boy's life a burden to him in the holidays. Kitty also came to his help. "What would be cheek from you Roy, is only—er—affectionate banter from me. I am two years older than you; and besides, you are only a boy!"

"Of course, and because you are a girl, and can't do a single thing decently, and can't even inherit Papa's name, you are to be as nasty and cheeky as ever you like, and nobody is to say a word to the little darling, for fear of hurting its feelings, would it then! Gur! Thank heaven I am a boy!"

"You disgusting mean thing!" exclaimed Kitty, her cheeks on fire. "I can do everything as well as you can, and better—except football."

"And cricket, and tennis, and rowing, and golfing!" shouted Roy. "Haven't I beat you left-handed at every single one?"

"I don't care, I let you," said Kitty; "isn't it true, Papa?"

"I am afraid not, Kitty," said Sir Francis humbly; "and I almost think you and Roy had better settle it outside."

"I am afraid we haven't time to-day," said Kitty; "besides, it's ever so much better to talk those things out at meals, if only you and mother didn't mind! It is a waste of time out of doors when the sun is shining. Come along Roy; we must get the court rolled."

Off they sped, unheeding Lady Marston's entreaty that they would please shut the door, and be sure not to forget their goloshes. There was a supply of these unhealthy horrors kept in an old croquet-box behind the school-room door.

When they were gone, Lady Marston heaved a sigh, and poured herself out another cup of tea. Sir Francis rose from the table, folded up his paper carefully, patted it into the pocket of his Norfolk jacket, and left the room. That is to say, he got as far as the door, and then Lady Marston, who had watched him sadly, spoke.

"My dear," she began, and there was a command in her voice which he had learned not to disobey. He wheeled round with his hand on the door. "Well?"

"Do come in and shut the door. I shall have my neuralgia again! You will remember that your cousin comes this evening, won't you?"

"I had much rather forget it, if it is the same to you," replied Sir Francis. "You are responsible for him. If I find him trying to flirt with Kitty, I'll shoot him! And I tell you what it is, Alicia; he's got a confounded bad record that way, and I am very much annoyed at your asking him this year at all. Kitty is growing up and you ought to be more careful."

"Kitty is a child," said Lady Marston with contempt; "and poor Harry is your own cousin, and it is very unnatural and unkind of you not to be glad to see him. Why, you ask

crowds of men to the house for the shooting, people I have never seen sometimes, and now you are making all this fuss about poor, hard-worked Harry Surtees! It is preposterous!"

"Alicia," said Sir Francis, shutting the door and coming a step nearer to his wife, "we have been married close on twenty years, haven't we?"

"Twenty years next September," said Lady Marston with a gesture of resignation.

"In all that time," said her husband, "you have invariably taken your own way whether it were mine or not. It generally was not. And the only thing I have refused to do has been to look pleased when you made me angry. I'm not going to begin now; I hope that is clear."

"I shall do my duty, my dear, whether you look pleased or not," said Lady Marston nobly. "Now I must go and see about dinner."

She moved away, and he looked after her from under his shaggy eyebrows, wondering, as many of us wonder, how it is that so much undeniable good sense, and high principle, and sturdy loyalty to duty, should in daily life give out so little brightness or tenderness or encouragement to good. Some women seem so satisfied with having attained to the possession of the big, necessary, moral furniture of life, that they never trouble themselves to make the heart's home fair and lovely,—beautiful as well as safe. Surely it does not follow that because a woman is irreproachable in important matters, she must be fussy and hard and unlovely in little ones. Alicia Marston was only a type of the British matron of a certain class, a creature of small faults made unbearable by large patent virtues; a combination of energy, economy, True Blue Protestantism, and faithful nagging, with an imagination not always delicate, but clothed in the grim pro-

priety of a Dean and Chapter, capable of going to the stake for her own, but afraid to let any sunshine into their daily lives, for fear that it should injure the carpets.

What becomes of the low-voiced, soft-eyed girls we marry? On which Hallow's E'en are they changed away for the dull, irresponsible wives we live with? Could they be rescued, ransomed back through ice and fire, what a crowd of middle-aged men would stand by the Eildon Tree, from Midsummer Eve to the Sylvester, with green mantles in their hands ready to wrap round the sweet white thing that should leap to their arms with tears and laughter, from the midst of the fairies' train! They pass no more by the Eildon Tree in these days of glare and bustle. Is it too bold to hope that, if we are very good old gentlemen here, it may happen that we shall find our old young loves again, waiting with outstretched hands at the turn of some twilight path in Paradise?

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Kitty and her brother found themselves in the garden, the lawn-tennis court was left to look after itself for a while, until these two wise young people had discussed the aspects of the situation which Mrs. Barton's arrival was going to create for them. Their little disagreement at the breakfast table had not really diverted their thoughts from that important subject, and the moment they were in the open air they began to protest with one accord. Though Kitty was close on seventeen, lessons were lessons still to her, with the result that holidays were holidays; and anything that interfered with holiday plans and holiday freedom was plainly a calamity.

"Well," she began in a high tremolo of indignation, "if it were

anybody else but Mother, I should say *that* had been done on purpose!"

"It will simply spoil all the fun," declared Roy, swelling with anger, and strutting down the path with his hands in his pockets. "We shall have to speak in whispers and go round with our fingers in our eyes, to look sorry for Mrs. Barton. I wish she was at the bottom of the sea!"

"I suppose they will want to pull the blinds down for her," pouted Kitty; "a brand-new widow at the beginning of the holidays, when Miss Driver has not been gone a week! I don't believe there is another house in England where such a thing could happen!"

Miss Driver was Kitty's "finishing" governess, but the finishing, so far, had been all on Kitty's side; and poor Miss Driver had taken a holiday engagement abroad, to try and recruit her strength sufficiently to face another term of Miss Marston's education.

"It is just beastly," said poor Roy, on the verge of tears, though he would rather have died than confess it; "and how Mother came to do such a thing beats me! She does nag a lot, but she is never downright unkind. And we were just beginning to enjoy ourselves, and the Governor was in such a good temper—he gave me ten shillings in the passage this morning before he found out about the gun—now he'll be as cross——"

"Of course he will," broke in Kitty, "and quite right too. If it weren't for leaving him unprotected, I've a great mind to bolt; we could get no end of a way on that ten shillings, third class."

"But what should we do when we got there?" asked her brother with kindling eyes. "If we had no more money we should have to go to a Casual Ward or an All-night Refuge, don't you know?"

"It would be glorious!" exclaimed

Kitty. "We would keep enough money to telegraph, and demand an enormous ransom for ourselves before we'd consent to come back. Let's sit down here and talk about it."

It was an old bench against a peach-grown wall. The sun, that had ripened many harvests of peaches, had baked and toasted the bench till there was very little left of it except splinters and dusty homes for various nibbling insects. But the ruins rested on two fairly sound uprights, and on these the afflicted pair took their seats delicately. Neither spoke till two ripe peaches had been selected from the wall behind, and then Kitty, deliberating whether to bite the pink or the yellow cheek first, said regretfully: "I thought we were quite safe for at least ten days yet. Mr. Surtees is only a man, and wouldn't have interfered with anything really, and it is my last summer of doing as I like; next year I am to have my hair done up, and all the fun will be over."

Then she set her little white teeth firmly in the peach's soft pink, and of course could say no more till it was done with, because of the race there always is with the juice when once the skin is broken. Roy was similarly employed, so there was a pause in the conversation. At last he fished out a suspicious-looking handkerchief with one finger and thumb, polished off the traces of peach-syrup from hands and face, mopped his warm brow, and then offered the useful rag to his sister.

"Yes, please," said Kitty with alacrity; "it will save mine. Mother is really dreadful about peach-stains."

"She never sees mine," said Roy; "I put them all behind the fire-place till the holidays are over and then I take 'em back to school in a lump. Nobody bothers about stains there. But, I say, Kit, let's talk! Couldn't we really do something, get away

ourselves, or keep the female off the premises?"

"Couldn't you get the measles?" asked his sister. "There's lots in the village; Mrs. Ranter's children are all down with it. If you went into the shop and took a long, long time making up your mind whether you'd have mint-cushions or cids, I should think you'd be sure to catch a little."

"Thank you," said Roy scornfully; "I think that would be worse than Mrs. Bombazine or whatever her name is. Why don't you offer to do the measling yourself? A dark room and gruel, and only Mother to talk to! Wouldn't it be jolly! Perhaps it would improve your complexion a bit."

"Who said it wanted improving?" asked Kitty, aiming a peach-stone at her brother's freckled nose. "If it was like yours now!"

"I suppose you think people are going to admire a thing that is all apricot colour where it isn't red clay. I don't anyway! Your hair is exactly like the cliffs and the earth, and the cows; people would always know you were born in Devonshire. My wife shall have black hair and grey eyes, like that girl in the pantomime last year."

"Grey hair, and black eyes,—two of them every week, I expect," said Kitty; "and my hair is the best colour in the world if it's the colour of Devonshire, so there!"

Perhaps it was the best colour in the world. I have never seen one to match it. Kitty's curly locks, though Roy irreverently compared them to cows and clay, were like nothing so much as the bracken on the downs when the sun fires it after the early frost. Too red for gold, too golden for red, the fluffy rings broke away from heavy waves all over her head, and from between the strands of the thick plait which hung far below her

waist behind. When she stood between you and the sun she was always in a halo, but the face was sunnier than what it screened you from; the eyes were as blue as the sea sparkling out there in the bay; the cheeks were like apricots smothered in cream; and the mouth was never still for the laughter that would bubble up from the gay heart below. Kitty Marston in the summer noon, tossing three peaches at once in the air, was what the old people call a sight for sore eyes, an incarnate dogma of hope and joy.

One of the peaches came down with a thump on her nose and rather sobered her. She rubbed the injured feature, and by way of consolation, began to sniff at the huge tea-rose that had got mixed up with the fruit-trees, and was hanging out from the wall, bobbing up and down in a little morning breeze.

"I wonder if a ghost would be any good," remarked Roy; "they are awfully useful things in a case like this."

"And next to no trouble to manage," assented Kitty.

"But what a row there would be if we were found out," replied her brother; "we really should have to bolt then."

"I despise people who are found out," declared Kitty, with a toss of her head; "it never happened to me yet."

"'Cause I'm always there to bear the blame," said Roy; "but I don't mind. You always stump up first-rate afterwards. How do you think the beheaded criminal in the middle of her dressing-table would do?"

"She would shriek, and then they would come in and catch you," said Kitty. "No, I believe the only way is to bear it patiently; it won't be for long."

"There's Jimmy! said Roy, listen-

ing eagerly as a long whistle and a short bark made themselves heard. Then he rose and ran towards a young man who had just turned into the other end of the pleached walk, preceded by a lively fox-terrier who diversified his gambols with an occasional dive into the thick flower-set borders.

"Good morning, Roy," called the new comer. "I thought I should find you and Kitty somewhere near the peaches at this time of day."

He was a fair-haired, well built young fellow of about one-and-twenty, with grey eyes that looked out kindly on all the world, a fresh, honest face nearly as bright as Kitty's own just now, but usually rather grave than gay. The hair was light brown and so was the moustache, almost too light indeed for a complexion tanned by sun and wind to that peculiar English shade best described by Roy's disrespectful simile of West Country clay. He was a neighbour of the Marstons, being the owner of a pretty little place near by, where he lived when not at sea; for Jimmy was a born rover, and never so happy as when scudding up Channel before the wind in his trim yacht. He had built her on lines of his own, and he and the Minx had already gained distinction in more than one race. Though his visiting-card (when he had one) proclaimed him Mr. Harold Jamieson, he was always Jimmy among those who knew him. Kitty and Roy were his devoted friends; he had made capital sailors of them, and they looked up to him and deferred to his opinion with profound and unquestioning respect. Of late Lady Marston had tried to throw cold water on the intimacy for reasons of her own, but it thrived gaily in spite of her opposition.

Kitty dropped her peaches, and came to meet Mr. Jamieson with out-

stretched hand, and the three stood together for a moment under the old-fashioned arbour-work of the fruit trees, which interlaced in a long green arch overhead, pierced in many places by bold sunbeams and swept through by that new breeze just off the sea.

"Oh Jimmy," began Roy, "there's a horrid, tiresome woman coming to stay—for days and days!—isn't it a shame?"

"We are badly in want of comfort," said Kitty. "Take us out for a sail, like a dear, kind thing."

She looked straight into his eyes, and her own were laughing in spite of her words. He wondered if she had any idea how charmingly pretty she was, all pink and gold in the warm green light. There was not a shadow of shyness, or the faintest quiver of coquetry in her tone; it rang true as a child's.

"All right, Kitty," he said; they had known each other since the girl could remember anything, and it was *Kitty* and *Jimmy* between them still. "There's a lovely breeze getting up," he went on, "we could run down to Torquay and back before luncheon, I believe. That was just what I came to get you for."

"You *are* a brick," said Roy; "come along, before anybody stops us."

"You had better get a cap, hadn't you?" suggested Jimmy. "And Kitty must have a jacket; it's cold outside the bar, and that pink cotton is no sort of good when it gets wet. Remember last time?"

"I should think I did," said Kitty, pulling a wry face at the remembrance of a wet afternoon on the water, and the scolding she had got for coming home in a soused wreck of a frock. "Roy, you just sneak in by the back way and get your cap, and my Tam O'Shanter, and

my serge jacket off the hook on my door——"

"Anything else?" inquired Roy scornfully. "Are you sure I am not to bring the goloshes, and the gloves, and the parasol, and Celestine, with a smelling-bottle, to dress you? You can go for your things yourself, lazy, overfed——"

"Cut along!" interrupted Jimmy. "If you are cheeky we won't take you, so you'd better look out."

"Oh yes, you will," said the youngster; "Miss Kitty is much too grown up to go to sea all alone with a young man any more, aren't you Kitty?"

Kitty was equal to the occasion, though her cheeks grew a shade rosier as she spoke, slowly and impressively now. "Roy, if you don't go instantly, and if you don't get back inside of a minute by Jimmy's watch, without being caught, I'll *kiss* you on the platform before everybody when you go back to school! Now!"

"Oh Lord!" cried Roy in mock terror; "if it's as bad as that, and you are perfectly capable, I'll go."

He bounded away, and Jimmy called back the terrier who wanted to follow him.

"Isn't he a goose!" exclaimed Kitty in wrath, looking after her brother. "As if one would ever be too old to go sailing with people!" Then she glanced down at Jimmy, who had stooped to let out a hole of Fidget's collar; it was the stooping, of course, which made him suddenly flush so red. As he rose he looked into her face with a queer, grave expression. "I hope not," he said. "Kitty!"

"Well?" inquired Kitty, turning questioning eyes on him.

"Oh, that's all," he replied, and then a sudden silence fell upon them both; a strange silence, full of a new presence, as if a third person,



of whom they were both shy, had invisibly come between them. They walked slowly towards the point where Roy had disappeared, and it was a relief to Kitty to see him suddenly fly round the corner towards them, breathless with haste, the required garments carried in a crushed heap on one arm.

"Only just did it!" he cried as he came within hearing. "Mother was in your room looking through the drawers when I got up there. I sneaked the things off the door and ran before she had turned round! I wasn't long, was I?"

"Ages," said Jimmy, who had recovered his composure; "and, I say, what a funny jacket! I never saw you in that, Kitty."

Roy held the garment out at arms' length; it was red and long, with a frill round the bottom, and helpless flops of white lace dangling from the neck.

"It's my dressing-gown! Oh, you duffer!" wailed Kitty, while Roy regarded his prize in shamed dismay.

"It's all your fault," he growled; "you said it was on the door. How was I to know?"

"Never mind," said Jimmy, soothingly; "we can tuck the thing away somewhere till we get back, and I'll lend Kitty my oilskin, if it's wet. You've got her cap; come along or we shall lose the tide."

The offending dressing-gown was rolled up and stuffed into a crevice of an ivy-grown arbour which no one ever visited; and then the three conspirators walked boldly off, as if they were just strolling down to the post-office to fetch the paper and come straight back again. It was all Lady Marston's fault. Why did she try to stop these delightful expeditions and drive three honest people, who could not do without their own way, to such base subterfuges?

## CHAPTER V.

IN half an hour they were skimming westwards as fast as a whistling breeze could take them, the swift rush of their bows through the water making music sweeter in Jimmy's ears than any mortal voice. He was a born sailor, the descendant of many a West Country rover, and never felt more at home than when holding the tiller of his white yacht, keeping his balance by some miracle unknown to landsmen, as she raced on, gunwale under, her mainsail kissing the wooing water at every leap. Then a great content would soften Jimmy's eyes, and their keen light would melt into something like tenderness, and he would smile at the sea as a man smiles on his love. For the sea was always first love to him, a first love who never changed or frowned, whose brine seemed to run in his veins with the heat of his young brave blood, and who, like as not, would be last love too, as she is to many a man who trusts her once too well.

"What a day!" sighed Roy, subdued into decorum by the fulness of sun and wind. "And what a ripping breeze! Let's go right down to the Land's End, Jimmy!"

"Don't you go and put temptation in my way," laughed Jimmy. "I am not provisioned for a cruise, and we should probably have to eat you before we got in."

"Just try," returned the boy, with a grin; "hard as nails, and no bath to-day. Mother said I was to have it tepid; no, thank you."

"Don't be horrid, Roy," commanded Kitty; "who wants to know whether you've had a bath? You never look clean at any time. Let's duck him overboard, Jimmy!"

"Please don't quarrel, you two," said Jimmy meekly; "it's all humbug about the provisions; there's cold

tongue and strawberries and cream. Do look pleased."

"You're a firebrick, Jimmy!" said Roy; "and that was a whopper about the bath; I got a regular boiler afterwards. Let's have lunch now."

It was a merry little meal, eaten at an angle which would make me dizzy to write down; and when it was over, the breeze had fallen and the Minx was going along more soberly under the lee of the land that rose now in red cliffs on their right, those cliffs which change shape and detail year by year, month by month, as they break and tumble on the encumbered sands. They are more beautiful in their glowing mortality than any eternities of granite rearing changeless walls to the hungry embrace of the sea.

Kitty dived down to the cabin, and bringing up Jimmy's banjo sang a sad little song because she was so happy.

Oh calm, sweet, salt sea-mother,  
We are safe in thy shifting hand,  
Though the wind shall roar on thy rock-  
set shore,  
And thy waves beat high on the sand.

Cradled in trust on thy waters,  
To the land we can laugh farewell,  
With a face that's glad, and a heart that's  
sad  
As the dirge in the empty shell.

For we know that there's still a haven  
Which is safe from the worst of foes,  
And weed-strewn graves 'neath thy sun-  
kissed waves  
For our loves, and our cares, and our  
woes!<sup>1</sup>

"Sing something jolly, Kit," pleaded Roy; "I can't join in those melancholy things!"

So Kitty began NANCY LEE, and there they all sat in the shade of the sail, and sang light-hearted songs, with here and there a sad one, Kitty's clear alto leading the music and Jimmy's bass surging full below,

while Roy's rollicking notes came and went as they liked. The man at the helm was so carried away that at last he found himself joining in the chorus of JOHN PEEL in spite of himself. He was an oak-coloured, middle-aged seaman, with light blue eyes and sandy whiskers, Edward Bridle by name, and had taught Jimmy to build and sail boats when that gentleman was ten years old. Naturally he took the keenest interest in him now, regarded the Minx as rather more his property than his master's, and was generally responsible for the safety and right conduct of the fleet craft. He was a married man, as all sailors are, and, having maids of his own, took a fatherly interest in Miss Kitty, and had lately begun to teach her a good deal about boats, seeing that it looked to his simple eyes as if she and "Mr. Jimmy" would m'appen make a match of it." Kitty had a boat of her own, a tiny half-decked cutter of ten tons, which Bridle had taught her to sail; and her highest joy was to get away by herself, and sail in and out of all the red bays along the coast, and sometimes, by way of a change, up the river to see the big boats crowding in the lock at Turf.

"That's the reason why I like my boat better than yours, Jimmy," she said, suddenly breaking off in a song which had not followed her train of thought. "You can never go away alone in the Minx; she's too big, and takes such a lot of people to manage her. I feel just enormous when I am out on the water by myself; it all belongs to me, don't you know?"

"You are a lot stouter this year, Kitty," said Roy sympathetically. "I am not a bit surprised at your feeling so big."

"Oh, shut up, Roy," said Kitty; "you know what I mean; Jimmy does, any way."

<sup>1</sup> By permission.

"I think," began Jimmy reflectively, "that on the whole I prefer having a little company at sea, when it is of the right sort."

"Bridle for instance?" suggested Kitty innocently, turning half a glance on the man behind her.

"Bridle is first-rate company when I can't get you," said Jimmy bluntly, looking up suddenly at Kitty with the sun in his eyes and a smile behind the sun. "You are the best company in the world, you know."

"Hadn't I better go and talk to Bridle?" said Roy. "You might say 'present company excepted.' You've done nothing but pay compliments to Kitty all day, for all the world as if she was a grown-up young lady. I tell you what it is, Jimmy, she's *that* cheeky already, that there's barely room in the house for anybody else; and if you go on like this, I shall feel it my bounden duty to speak to Mother!"

The last part of this sentence was made indistinct by two things; first, Kitty strummed a loud and insupportable jig on the banjo; and secondly, the sails were filled by a sudden puff of a breeze which caught them as they rounded a headland and sent them spinning along with a rush, the swirl of dividing waters beneath and the straining of canvas overhead filling the area of sound, and taking all the wind out of their voices.

Suddenly Kitty laid the banjo down and sat up. "I wonder what time it is?" she said.

Then Jimmy also sat up, and pulling out his watch looked a little grave. "It is two now," he said. "I am so sorry! I forgot all about the time. Will Lady Marston mind much?"

"I don't know why she should," said Kitty, determined to put a brave face on the matter.

"I know why she should not," exclaimed Roy. "Fancy asking three

chaps to turn round and come home from a sail like this all because she wants to see us eat cold mutton and stewed rhubarb. What possible satisfaction can it give her, do you suppose?"

"She never bothered us like this last holiday," said Kitty. "She has only come to be so jolly particular this year. I believe it is because she is not on the Local Board any more; I suppose they got all the rowings."

"It is all your fault," protested Roy. "What did you go and grow up for? And if you had to grow up, why the everything couldn't you be a decent boy, and not a useless troublesome girl?"

"You're a nice kind brother to have, isn't he Jimmy?" cried Kitty, appealing to their friend. Then turning to Roy she said: "Give me back those five shillings I lent you yesterday, and go and do your holiday-task by yourself when we get home. I won't write an epidemic of *ESMOND* for you!"

"How do you write an epidemic?" inquired Jimmy, rather perplexed.

"She means an epitome," Roy explained indulgently. "Don't you know the beastly things they always give you for holiday-tasks? Mine will go undone, that's all. Oh, how ripping this is! Must we really go home?"

For they were drawing nearer in to the shore and amid its trees and lawns Ryestock became visible, a large white house, built in the half Italian style in vogue a hundred years ago, staring out at the sea from many shining windows.

"Shall I come in and explain?" suggested Jimmy.

"No, thank you," said Kitty quickly. "What must be, must, and you would only make it worse, you know. It was jolly though, and worth any amount of rowings."

"Well, good-bye," replied Jimmy reluctantly, looking as if he would have liked to share the scolding if there was to be one. "Mind you rescue that red thing out of the summer house after dark."

As brother and sister sped with light feet up the road towards the house, Jimmy pulled back to the Minx in his little dinghey and beat out to sea again. It seemed that he had a great deal to think about to-day, and there was no place for thinking like that white deck between blue and blue, when the breeze was freshening and little clouds would come scudding up from the west and cross one's line of vision.

When Kitty and Roy reached the garden walk where Jimmy had found them in the morning, they slackened their pace to a saunter, and tried to look demure and unconcerned.

"Not a word about Jimmy, Roy," said Kitty in a whisper.

"Trust me," returned the boy; "we went for a walk and got tired and sat down to rest; we want to know if it is lunch time yet, of course."

"Do you think they will have kept the cold mutton *and* the stewed rhubarb?" inquired Kitty. "I'll eat the mutton if you'll tackle the rhubarb. They must not know that we've had our lunch."

"Perhaps Mother's out," said Roy. "Oh, hooray, there goes the brougham! We are lucky!"

As they approached the house, they saw Lady Marston's mauve bonnet bobbing about behind the window of the carriage (whatever the weather was, she always had it closed), as two very fat horses slowly trotted her out of sight. The truants, relieved and joyful, were grimly congratulated on their escape by their father, whom they met in the hall.

"Just our luck," said Roy boldly; "if we had known Mother was going out we need not have come back at all. We might have been at sea this minute."

"Never mind, old boy," said Kitty soothingly; "the summer is only beginning, and we shall have lots more sails. Come and have a look at the strawberry-beds."

*(To be continued.)*